THE
GREATEST
National Weekly
Newspaper
IN THE
UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION
OVER
225,000
EACH WEEK.
SAMPLE COPIES
SENT FREE
TO ANY ADDRESS

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1913 SEVENTY-EIGHTH YEAR, No. 19

Philip Steele

By
JAMES
OLIVER
CURWOOD

COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

CHAPTER I.

The Hyacinth Letter.

Philip Steele's pencil drove steadily ver the paper, as the mere writing a letter he might never mail in me way lessened the loneliness.

The wind is blowing a furious gale tside. From off the lake come volys of sleet, like shot from guns, and l the wild demons of this black ght in the wilderness seem bent on aring apart the huge end-locked gs that form my cabin home. In uth, it is a terrible night to be afar om human companionship, with ught but this roaring desolation out and the air above filled with reeching terrors. Even through ick log walls I can hear the surf aring among the rocks and beatg the white driftwood like a thousand ttering-rams, almost at my door. is a night to make one shiver, and the lulls of the storm the tall pines ove me whistle and wail mournfully they straighten their twisted heads ter the blasts.

Tomorrow this will be a desolation snow. There will be snow from ere to Hudson's Bay, from the Bay the Artic, and where now there all this fury and strife of wind and eet there will be unending quiet —the stillness which breeds our ngueless people of the North. But is is small comfort for tonight. Yesrday I caught a little mouse in my our and killed him. I am sorry ow, for surely all this trouble and hunder in the night would have drivn him out from his home in the all to keep me company.

It would not be so bad if it were ot for the skull. Three times in the st half hour I have started to take down from its shelf over my crude tone fireplace, where pine logs are lazing. But each time I have fallen ack, shivering, into the bed-like chair have made for myself out of sapings and caribou skin. It is a huan skull. Only a short time ago was a living man, with a voice, and yes, and brain—and that is what akes me uncomfortable. If it were n old skull, it would be different. But it is a new skull. Almost I fancy t times that there is life lurking n the eyeless sockets, where the red irelight from the pitch-weighted logs lays in grewsome flashes; and I fany, too, that in the brainless cavities f the skull there must still be some f the old passion, stirred into spirit ife by the very madness of this ight. A hundred times I have been orry that I kept the thing, but never more so than now.

How the wind howls and the pines screech above me! A pailful of snow, plunging down my chimney, sends the chills up my spine as if it were the very devil himself, and the steam of it surges out and upward and hides the skull. It is absurd to go to bed, to make an effort to sleep, for I know what my dreams would be. Tonight they would be filled with this skull —and with visions of a face, a woman's face—

Thus far had Steele written, when with a nervous laugh he sprang from his chair, and with something that sounded very near to an oath, in the wild tumult of the storm, crumpled the paper in his hand and flung it among the blazing logs he had described but a few moments before.

"Confound it, this will never do!" he exclaimed, falling into his own peculiar habit of communing with himself. "I say it won't do, Phil Steele; deuce take it if it will! You're getting nervous, sentimental, almost homesick. Ugh, what a beast of a night!"

He turned to the rude stone fireplace again as another blast of snow plunged down the chimney.

"Wish I'd built a fire in the stove instead of there," he went on, filling his pipe. "Thought it would be a little more cheerful, you know. Lord preserve us, listen to that!"

He began walking up and down the hewn log floor of the cabin, his hands deep in his pockets, puffing out voluminous clouds of smoke. It was not often that Philip Steele's face was unpleasant to look upon, but tonight it wore anything but its natural good humor. It was a strong, thin face, set off by a square jaw, and with clear, steel-gray eyes in which just now there shone a strange glitter, as they rested for a moment upon the white skull over the fire. From his scrutiny of the skull Steele turned to a rough board table, lighted by a twisted bit of cotton cloth, three-quarters submerged in a shallow tin of caribou grease. In the dim light of this improvised lamp there were two letters, opened and soiled, which an Indian had brought up to him from Nelson House the day before. One of them was short and to the point. It was an official note from headquarters ordering him to join a certain Buck Nome at Lac Bain, a hundred miles farther north.

It was the second letter which Steele took in his hands for the twentieth time since it had come to him here, three hundred miles into the wilderness. There were half a dozen pages of it, written in a woman's hand, and from it there rose to his nostrils the faint, sweet perfume of hyacinth. It was this odor that troubled him—that had troubled him since yesterday, and that made him restless and almost homesick tonight. It took him back to things—to the days of not so very long ago when he had been a part of the life from which the letter came, and when the world had seemed to hold for him all that one could wish. In a retrospective flash there passed before him a vision of those days, when he, Mr. Philip Steele, son of a multi-millionaire banker, was one of the favored few in the social life of a great city; when fashionable clubs opened their doors to him, and beautiful women smiled upon him, and when, among others, this girl of the hyacinth letter held out to him the tempting lure of her heart. Her heart? Or was it the tempting of his own wealth? Steele laughed, and his strong white teeth gleamed in a half-contemptuous smile as he turned again toward the fire.

He sat down, with the letter still in his hands, and thought of some of those others whom he had known. What had become of Jack Moody, he wondered—the good old Jack of his college days, who had loved this girl of the hyacinth with the whole of his big, honest heart, but who hadn't been given half a show because of his poverty? And where was Whittemore, the young broker whose hopes had fallen with his own financial ruin; and Fordney, who would have cut off ten years of his life for her —and half a dozen others he might name?

Her heart! Steele laughed softly as he lifted the letter so that the sweet perfume of it came to him more strongly. How she had tempted him for a time! Almost—that night of the Hawkins' ball—he had surrendered to her. He half closed his eyes, and as the logs crackled in the fireplace and wind roared outside, he saw her again as he had seen her that night—gloriously beautiful; memory of the witchery of her voice, her hair, her eyes firing his blood like strong wine. And this beauty might have been for him, was still his, if he chose. A word from out of the wilderness, a few lines that he might write tonight—

With a sudden jerk Steele sat bolt upright. One after another he crumpled the sheets of paper in his hand and tossed all but the signature page into the fire. The last sheet he kept, studied it for a little—as if her name were the answer to a problem —then laid it aside. For a few moments there remained still the haunting sweetness of the hyacinth. When it was gone, he gave a last searching sniff, rose to his feet with a laugh in which there was some return of his old spirit, hid that final page of her letter in his traveling kit and proceeded to refill his pipe.

More than once Phillip Steele had told himself that he was born a century or two after his time. He had admitted this much to a few of his friends, and they had laughed at him. One evening he had opened his heart a little to the girl of the hyacinth letter, and after that she had called him eccentric. Within himself he knew that he was unlike other men, that the blood in him was calling back to almost forgotten generations, when strong hearts and steady hands counted for manhood rather than stocks and bonds, and when romance and adventure were not quite dead. At college he took civil engineering, because it seemed to him to breathe the spirit of outdoors: and when he had finished he incurred the wrath of those at home by burying himself for a whole year with a surveying party in Central America.

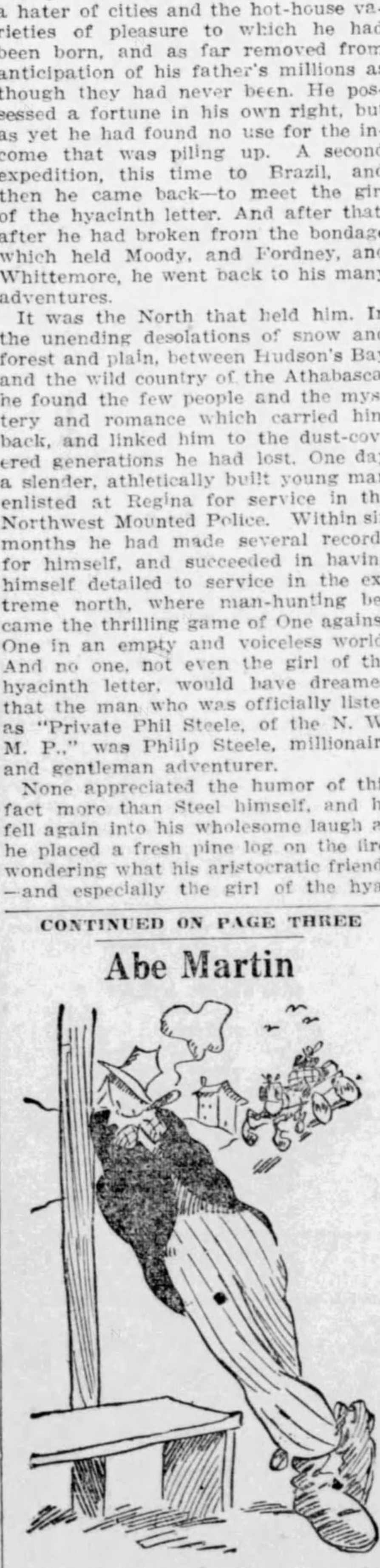
It was this expedition that put the finishing touch to Philip Steele. He came back a big hearted, clear minded young fellow, as bronzed as an Aztec—a hater of cities and the hot-house varieties of pleasure to which he had been born, and as far removed from anticipation of his father's millions as though they had never been. He possessed a fortune in his own right, but as yet he had found no use for the income that was piling up. A second expedition, this time to Brazil, and then he came back—to meet the girl of the hyacinth letter. And after that, after he had broken from the bondage which held Moody, and Fordney, and Whittemore, he went back to his many adventures.

It was the North that held him. In the unending desolations of snow and forest and plain, between Hudson's Bay and the wild country of the Athabasca, he found the few people and the mystery and romance which carried him back, and linked him to the dust-covered generations he had lost. One day a slender, athletically built young man enlisted at Regina for service in the Northwest Mounted Police. Within six months he had made several records for himself, and succeeded in having himself detailed to service in the extreme north, where man-hunting became the thrilling game of One against One in an empty and voiceless world. And no one, not even the girl of the hyacinth letter, would have dreamed that the man who was officially listed as "Private Phil Steele, of the N. W. M. P.," was Philip Steele, millionaire and gentleman adventurer.

None appreciated the humor of this fact more than Steel himself, and he fell again into his wholesome laugh as he placed a fresh pine log on the fire, wondering what his aristocratic friends —and especially the girl of the hya-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

Abe Martin



Mrs. Thelma Moon writes that they're gittin' along fine out in Kansas an' that her husband 'll soon have money enough t' git a divorce from.

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Published by Special Arrangement with The Outlook, of Which Theodore Roosevelt Is the Contributing Editor, Through the McClure Newspaper Synd'cate, Copyright 1913, by the Outlook Company. All Rights Reserved, Including Rights of Translation.

THE first two or three bucks I ever saw gave me buck fever badly, but after I had gained experience with ordinary game I never had buck fever at all with dangerous game. In my case the overcoming of buck fever was the result of conscious effort and a deliberate determination to overcome it. More happily constituted men never have to make this determined effort at all—which may perhaps show that the average man can profit more from my experiences than he can from those of the exceptional man.

I have shot only five kinds of animals which could fairly be called dangerous game—that is, the lion, elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo in Africa, and the big grizzly bear a quarter of a century ago in the Rockies. Taking into account not only my own personal experience, but the experiences of many veteran hunters, I regard all the four African animals, but especially the lion, elephant, and buffalo, as much more dangerous than the grizzly. As it happened, however, the only narrow escape I personally ever had was from a grizzly, and in Africa the animal killed closest to me as it was charging was a rhinoceros—all of which goes to show that a man must not generalize too broadly from his own personal experiences. On the whole, I think the lion the most dangerous of all these five animals; that is, I think that, if fairly hunted, there is a larger percentage of hunters killed or mauled for a given number of lions killed than for a given number of any one of the other animals. Yet I personally had no difficulties with lions. I twice killed lions which were at bay and just starting to charge, and I killed a heavy maned male while it was in full charge. But in each instance I had plenty of leeway, the animal being so far off that even if my bullet had not been fatal I should have had time for a couple more shots. The African buffalo is undoubtedly a dangerous beast, but it happened that the few that I shot did not charge. A bull elephant, a vicious "rogue," which had been killing people in the native villages, did charge before being shot at. My son Kermit and I stopped it at 40 yards. Another bull elephant, also unwounded, which charged, nearly got me, as I had just fired both cartridges from my heavy double-barreled rifle in kill- the bull I was after—the first wild elephant I had ever seen. The second bull came through the thick brush to my left like a steam plow through a light snowdrift, everything snapping before his rush, and was so near that he could have hit me with his trunk. I slipped past him behind a tree. People have asked me how I felt on this occasion. My answer has always been that I suppose I felt as most men of like experience feel on such occasions. At such a moment a hunter is so very busy that he has no time to get frightened. He wants to get in his cartridges and try another shot.

Rhinoceros are truculent, blustering beasts, much the most stupid of all the dangerous game I know. Generally their attitude is one of mere stupidity and bluff. But on occasions they do charge wickedly, both when wounded and when entirely unprovoked. The first I ever shot I mortally wounded at a few rods' distance, and it charged with the utmost determination, whereat I and my companion both fired, and more by good luck than anything else brought it to the ground just 13 paces from where we stood. Another rhinoceros may or may not have been meaning to charge me; I have never been certain which. It heard us and came at us through rather thick brush, snorting and tossing its head. I am by no means sure that it had fixedly hostile intentions, and indeed with my present experience I think it likely that if I had not fired it would have flinched at the last moment and either retreated or gone by me. But I am not a rhinoceros mind reader, and its actions were such as to warrant my regarding it as a suspicious character. I stopped it with a couple of bullets, and then followed it up and killed it. The skins of all these animals which I thus killed are in the National Museum at Washington.

But, as I said above, the only narrow escape I met with was not from one of these dangerous African animals, but from a grizzly bear. It was about 24 years ago. I had wounded the bear just at sunset, in a wood of lodge-pole pines, and, following him, I wounded him again, as he stood on the other side of a thicket. He then charged through the brush, coming through with such speed and with such an irregular gait that, try as I would, I was not able to get the sight of my rifle on the brain-pan, though I hit him very hard with both the remaining barrels of my magazine Winchester. It was in the days of black powder, and the smoke hung. After my last shot, the first thing I say was the bear's left paw as he struck at me, so close that I made a quick movement to one side. He was, however, practically already dead, and after another jump, and while in the very act of trying to turn to come at me, he collapsed like a shot rabbit.

By the way, I had a most exasperating time trying to bring in his skin. I was alone, traveling on foot with one very docile little mountain mare for a pack pony. The little mare cared nothing for bears or anything else, so there was no difficulty in packing her. But the man without experience can hardly realize the work it was to get that bearskin off the carcass and then to pack it, wet, slippery and heavy, so that it would ride evenly on the pony. I was at the time fairly well versed in packing with a "diamond hitch," the standby of Rocky Mountain packers in my day; but the things I was accustomed to pack were not wet and slippery. With infinite labor I would get the skin on the pony and run the ropes over it until to all seeming it was fastened properly. Then off we would start, and after going about a hundred yards I would notice the hide beginning to bulge through between two ropes. I would shift one of them and then the hide would bulge somewhere else. I would shift the rope again; and still the hide would flow slowly out as if it was lava. The first thing I knew it would come down on one side, and the little mare, with her feet planted resolutely, would wait for me to perform my part by getting that bearskin back to its proper place on the McClellan saddle which I was using as a makeshift pack saddle. The feat of killing the bear the previous day sank into nothing compared with the feat of making the bearskin ride properly as a pack on the following three days.

The reason why I was alone in the mountains on this occasion was because, for the only time in all my experience, I had a difficulty with my guide. He was a crippled old mountain man, with a profound contempt for "tenderfeet," a contempt that in my case was accentuated by the fact that I wore spectacles—which at that day and in that region was usually held to indicate a defective moral character in the wearer. He had never previously acted as guide, or, as he expressed it, "trundled a tenderfoot," and though a good hunter, who showed me much game, our experience together was not happy. He was very rheumatic and liked to lie abed late, so that I usually had to get breakfast, and, in fact, do most of the work around camp. Finally one day he declined to go out with me, saying that he had a pain. When, that afternoon, I got back to camp, I speedily found what the "pain" was. We were traveling very light indeed. I having practically nothing but my buffalo sleeping bag, my wash kit, and a pair of socks. I had also taken a flask of whisky for emergencies—although, as I fund that the emergencies never arose and that tea was better than whisky when a man was cold or done out I abandoned the practice of taking whisky on hunting trips 20 years ago. When I got back to camp the old fellow was sitting on a tree-trunk, very erect, with his rifle across his knees, and in response to my nod of greeting he merely leered at me. I leaned my rifle against a tree, walked over to where my bed was lying, and, happening to rummage in it for something, I found the whisky flask was empty. I turned on him at once and accused him of having drunk it, to which he merely responded by askiny what I was going to do about it. There did not seem much to do, so I said that we would part company—we were only four or five days from a settlement—and I would go in alone, taking one of the horses. He responded by cocking his rifle and saying that I could go alone and be damned to me, but I could not take my horse. I answered "all right," that if I could not I could not, and began to move around to get some flour and salt pork. He was misled by my quietness and by the fact that I had not in any way resented either his actions or his language during the days we had been together, and did not watch me as closely as he ought to have done. He was sitting with the cocked rifle across his knees, the muzzle to the left. My rifle was leaning against a tree near the cooking things to his right. Managing to get near it, I whipped it up and threw the bead on him, calling, "Hands up!" He of course put up his hands, and then said, "Oh, come, I was only joking;" to which I answered, "Well, I am not. Now straighten your legs and let your rifle go to the ground." He remonstrated, saying the rifle would go off, and I told him to let it go off. However, he straightened his legs in such fashion that it came to the ground without a jar. I then made him move back, and picked up the rifle. By this time he was quite sober, and really did not seem angry, looking at me quizzically. He told me that if I would give him back his rifle he would call it quits and we could go on together. I did not think it best to trust him, so I told him that our hunt was pretty well through, anyway, and that I would go home. There was a blasted pine on the trail, in plain view of the camp, about a mile off, and I told him that I would leave his rifle at that blasted pine if I could see him in camp, but that he must not come after me, for if he did I should assume that it was with hostile intent and would shoot. He said he had no intention of coming after me; and as he was very much crippled with rheumatism, I did not believe he would do so.

Accordingly I took the little mare, with nothing but some flour, bacon, and tea, and my bed-roll, and started off. At the blasted pine I looked round, and as I could see him in camp, I left his rifle there. I then traveled till dark, and that night, for the only time in my experience, I used in camping a trick of the old-time trappers in the Indian days. I did not believe I would be followed, but still it was not possible to be sure, so, after getting supper, while my pony fed round, I left the fire burning, repacked the mare and pushed ahead until it literally became so dark that I could not see. Then I picketed the mare, slept where I was without a fire until the first streak of dawn, and then pushed on for a couple of hours before halting to take breakfast and to let the little mare have a good feed. No plainsman needs to be told that a man should not lie near a fire if there is danger of an enemy creeping up on him, and that above all a man should not put himself in a position where he can be ambushed at dawn. On this second day I lost the trail, and toward nightfall gave up the effort to find it, camped where I was, and went out to shoot a grouse for supper. It was while hunting in vain for a grouse that I came on the bear and killed it as above described.

When I reached the settlement and went into the store, the storekeeper identified me by remarking: "You're the tenderfoot that old Hank was trunding, ain't you?" I admitted that I was. A good many years later, after I had been elected vice president, I went on a cougar hunt in northwestern Colorado with Johnny Goff, a famous hunter and mountain man. It was midwinter. I was rather proud of my achievements, and pictured myself as being known to the few settlers in the neighborhood as a successful mountain-lion hunter. I could not help grinning when I found that they did not even allude to me as the Vice President, let alone as a hunter, but merely as "Johnny Goff's tourist."

Of course, during the years when I was most busy at serious work, I could do no hunting, and even my riding was of a decorous kind. But a man whose business is sedentary should get some kind of exercise if he wishes to keep himself in as good physical trim as his brethren who do manual labor. When I worked on a ranch I needed no form of exercise except my work, but when I worked in an office the case was different. A couple of summers I played polo with some of my neighbors. I shall always believe we played polo in just the right way for middle-aged men with stables of the general utility order. Of course it was polo which was chiefly of interest to ourselves, the only onlookers being the members of our faithful families. My two ponies were the only occupants of my stable except a cart horse. My wife and I rode and drove them, and they were used for household errands and for the children, and for two afternoons a week they served me as polo ponies. Polo is a good game, infinitely better for vigorous men than tennis or golf or anything of that kind. There is all the fun of football, with the horse thrown in. And if only people would be willing to play it in simple fashion it would be almost as much within their reach as golf. But at Oyster Bay our great and permanent amusements were rowing and sailing; I do not care for the latter, and am fold of the former. I suppose it sounds archaic, but I cannot help thinking that the people with motor boats miss a great deal. If they would only keep to rowboats or canoes, and use oar or paddle themselves they would get infinitely more benefit than by having their work done for them by gasoline. But I rarely took exercise merely as exercise. Primarily I took it because I liked it. Play should never be allowed to interfere with work; and a life devoted merely to play is, of all forms of existence, the most dismal. But the joy of life is a very good thing, and while work is the essential in it, play also has its place.

Part of Every Bible

IN Harper's, James Thompson Bixby tells the story of the 14 books which in the days of our grandfathers appeared in the bible between the old and new testaments.

The name Apocrypha now attached to these 14 books means primarily "The Hidden." Originally the word Apocryphal meant simply the books whose origin was obscure or whose usage and meaning were secret. Neither among Hebrew scholars nor in the early Christian church did the word imply that these books were either untrustworthy, spurious, or unworthy of religious use and reverence. They have been printed, therefore, as part of holy scripture in the Septuagint, the Vulgate and most Roman Catholic bibles up to the present time. In the Lutheran, Reformed and English bibles for nearly three centuries after Luther's break with Rome they were printed, and they have been read in Protestant pulpits during the same period as useful and good for edification, although not authoritative in proof of Christian doctrine. The homilies of the Anglican Church are still full of citations from the Apocrypha on an equal level with the canonical Old Testament.

It was not till the year 1826 that the British and American Bible societies banished them as uninspired from the company of the other biblical writings with which for 18 centuries they had been contributing to the moral instruction and spiritual nurture of Christendom.

Have these ancient books between the testaments deserved this sentence of banishment from Christian knowledge and service? The customary reason given for this ecclesiastical boycott has been that they were "uncanonical."

Many Christian scholars, however, doubt both the wisdom and the justice of this sentence. For with the rise of modern biblical criticism the reasons on which theologians had leaned, such as that they were written in Greek, not in holy Hebrew, that ancient rabbis and scholars like Jerome, had doubted their canonicity, and Protestant councils questioned their inspiration, have one by one lost their former force. Modern scholars think that the Divine Spirit was quite as likely to dictate religious revelation in Greek as in Hebrew, and that, in respect to scholarly knowledge and judgment of what is spiritual truth, modern critics and theologians are as competent to judge as ancient rabbis or the doctors of divinity of one or two hundred years ago.

HOW THE SAP RISES

A Force Greater Than That of a Railroad Engine.

How the raw sap travels from the absorbing roots beneath the ground to the topmost twig of an oak or elm tree, more than a hundred feet above and to nearly four or five times that height in the case of some of the mammoth gum trees (eucalyptus) of the Tasmanian forests and in the gigantic Wellingtonia of California, has long puzzled the physicist to explain.

The old idea that capillarity is the factor at work, the fluid being conveyed up the trunk and branches after the manner of oil through the wick of a lamp becomes an altogether inadequate explanation.

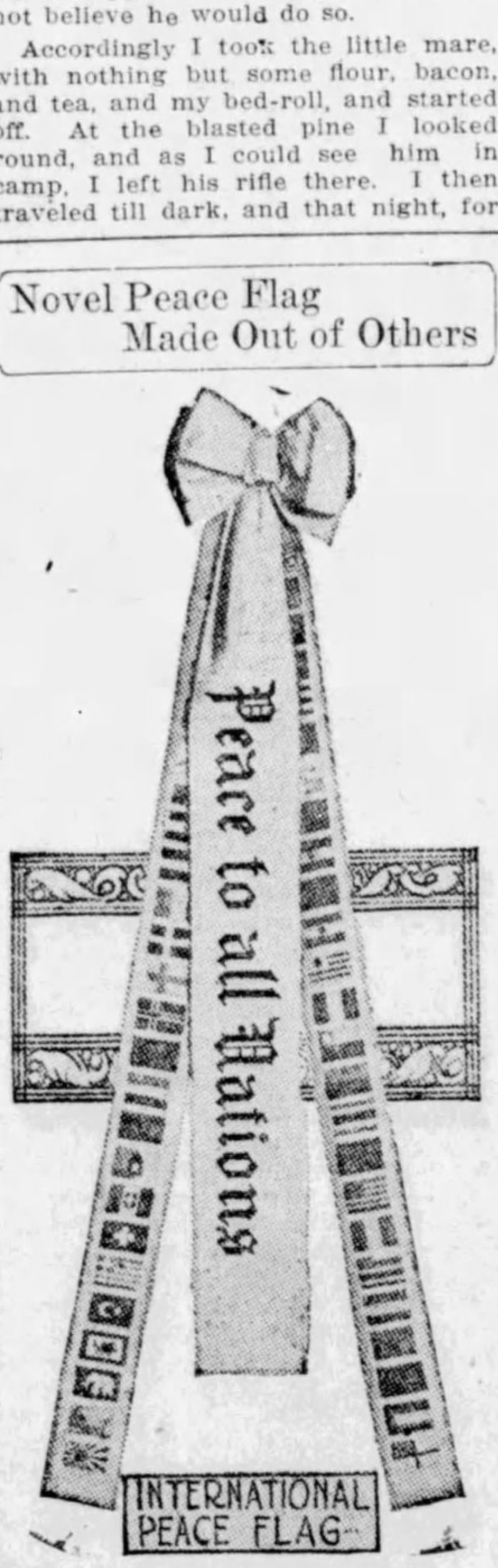
Especially is this so, says the Strand Magazine, when we realize that in some of the internal tissues of the stem the pressure exerted reaches from eight to 20 atmospheres, or in other words from 120 to 300 pounds to the square inch—a force greater than that in the boiler of a normal railway engine.

This mighty pressure, scattered more or less irregularly through the tissues of the tree, drives the sap to the buds and forces them open, expands their leaves and is continually at work wherever the process of building new structures is going on. It is obvious therefore that the engineering arrangements for the conducting and controlling of this powerful stream of life giving sap must be perfectly organized.

Indeed they are more than that: they present marvels of mechanical construction which are not only astonishing on account of their perfection but are so minute that man can only penetrate the mysteries and beauty of their structure by means of high power microscopes and careful chemical investigations. Even then he is left baffled and wondering.

India has produced about 2,000,500 tons of sugar anually for the last two years, or more than any other country in the world.

Novel Peace Flag Made Out of Others



This is the new international peace flag. Peace advocates hope it will some day wave at every capital in the world. It is made by placing all the national flags on a background of white, the color of the flag of truce. "National flags have been for centuries used on the battlefields. They have been associated with thoughts of war, past, present and future. Each one by itself sets up an arbitrary barrier between countries and peoples. The international peace flag symbolizes the world movement for peace." Such is the statement by Miss Alice Park of Palo Alto, Cal., who is interested in arousing interest in the new emblem.

The Art of Japan

Scribner.

TO outline briefly the peculiar methods of the Japanese artists: He uses neither oils, canvas, cardboard nor Whatman paper, but employs instead painting silk or absorbant paper, with ink applied with a well-watered brush, with or without other colors. There is a fixed sequence in the strokes of his painted objects and an established order in which these objects are introduced into the composition. The artist rarely outlines; he prefers to paint without defining boundaries. This charming manner is known as bokketsu. He paints upon the matting floor seated on his heels; he knows tentative strokes—he knows in advance what is needed and paints from a well-stored and trained memory; he never retouches—a stroke once made can neither be recalled nor canceled; he paints with the greatest freedom of the arm, with the brush held perpendicularly and with a stroke vigor "like the movements of a dragon," and he invests each stroke with a sentiment corresponding to the very nature of the thing painted. Nor must he hesitate or delay in the act, else the psychological moment would be gone. He never sketches casts or living models, and Buddhist influence has always prohibited the nude in art. In painting robes or other garments there are 18 different ways of executing the lines thereof. In sketching from nature he interprets it not photographically, but esthetically, and omits unessential details. He paints no shadows nor conceals in chiaroscuro anything he paints. Finally, he seeks for repose or freedom from all care as the ideal condition under which to pursue his art.

Nor can it be insisted upon too strongly that the chief charm of a Japanese painting lies in the inspired strength and character of the brush stroke, which conveys a deep if unsyllabled sentiment, not only corresponding with the emotions of the artist when producing the work, but also enabling us to see with his eyes and feel with his soul. Through the magic of such stroke is reproduced the very nature of the thing represented.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Miss Dubbs leaned across the top of the bar and shook his hand with her best air. "I was all of a twitter to think you wouldn't be able to get away. It's Sir George who offers the job, and he'll wait for no man. 'Bring your skipper up to the scratch at six o'clock tonight,' says he, 'and I'll look him over. But if he isn't here by then he needn't come, because I shall run up to Liverpool after that, and get one of the proper shipping people to find me a master.'"

"Well, I'm here, miss, and my certificates are all that an owner can ask for. You didn't happen to hear what the ship was, and where she was for? Not that it matters. I'd command a floating dock bound for the North Pole—yes, and guarantee to take her there, too, if an owner would sign me on for the job. But if you could give me a pointer on ahead, it might help in negotiations."

"The trouble is, I can't Captain. You know that Sir George is—short, and brisk, and snappy. They'd been having a political meting up in the coffee-room, and he came in here as usual for a word with pa—with the guv-nor, that is. You know he's our landlord—he's landlord of half the country-side, for that matter. Well, pa asked him about the flower show; would he be president again this year? And Sir George laughed, and said he expected he'd be in Morocco about flower show time if he could find a skipper for his boat. 'But skippers, they tell me, are hard to get at the moment,' says he, 'just, I suppose, because I happen to want one.'

"'Excuse me, Sir George,' says I, 'but if that's all your trouble, I can find you a perfect captain.'

"'Ah,' says he, 'that sounds like business. And why's he out of a billet? Drink?'

"'Steadiest young man I know,' says I.

"'Any other qualifications?' he asks.

"'There's no captain can work a ship safer or more comfortable,' I says; and though I've never been at sea with you, Captain, I'm sure that's right. And then I added something about your skill in music. I said nothing about what you told me about poetry, because I thought that wouldn't help. But the music fetched him. 'The accordion is quite the finishing touch,' he says. 'Send your man along,' he says, 'and I'll interview him.'

'And that's the lot, Captain. The agent came and fetched him then before I could get in another word, and perhaps as well."

"Miss," said the sailor, "I don't know how to thank you for what you've done."

"Then don't do it. I suppose a lady may do what she likes for her own particular friends, and I never heard any law as to why she mayn't have men friends as well as the usual lady friends."

"You might tell me who Sir George is."

"Why, bless me, yes. I thought you knew. He's the big man round here, and a tiptop good sort. Head of everything, from the cricket club down to the county council; member of parliament for the division, and a real popular landlord, in spite of the fact that he owns half the country-side. They say he gets his pound of flesh all right in rents; but if any one meets with a lump of hard luck, and can't pay, and Sir George hears about it, it's always, 'My good man, don't let your bit of debt to me spoil your sleep. Wipe it off, and try and do better next half-year. Tell your missis I'm sending her down a couple of brace of pheasants!'"

"Sounds a good sort.'

"So youd think. So I do think. He's the nicest great gentleman I know, and you'll find no one in Foston to give him a bad word. But there's one, they say, can't get on with him—or else it's him that can't stand her."

"Trouble with his wife?"

"Captain, I don't talk scandal. But this is a business matter, and as I am a business lady, and have put you on to it, I think it's right you should know. Her ladyship is Sir George's little cross; and if she can't get on with a man like that, my opinion of her is that she's no better than she ought to be. But there's no getting over the fact that she leads him a dog's life of it when she's down here at the Hall; and when she's in London by what one reads in the papers, her goings on are too rapid to be respectable. She's on the Riveera at present, gambling away our rents at Monte Carlo; and if Sir George wants to be safely off on a yachting trip by the time she gets back to England, I'm sure I'm not blaming him. And mark you, Captain, as I've told you more than once, my idea is that when a man marries a lady he should as a rule stick to her, whether, in the words of the Bible, she turns out better than he expected or worse than he dared to hope.

"But her ladyship's the limit, and if poor Sir George chooses to take himself and his purse out of her reach, I'd be the last to blame him. Oh, my word, here he is! I do hope he hasn't heard us talking."

Sir George Chesterman, as Mr. Kettle saw him then, was a burly, upstanding, tired-looking man of five-and-forty. He wore baggy, weather-beaten country clothes, and had a face browned and lined by the wind and the sun. He had a retriever and a fat spaniel at his heels, and the easy manner of a man accustomed every day to meet all grades of the population.

"Well, Miss Dubbs, here I am; prompt to the hour, you see. And so you've managed to bring your nautical friend up to the scratch?" He nodded pleasantly. "You two haven't wasted much time either."

"Yes, this is Captain Kettle, Sir George."

"Then suppose we sit down and see what we can arrange. I understand that you've let the sea look after itself for the last year or so, Captain, and taken a turn at civil engineering?"

"I've been on the railroad works as timekeeper, sir, a very subordinate position, for just five months. I met with a little misfortune, sir, at sea, which I'd rather not explain unless you press for it; but it had nothing to do with my own professional competency, and my ticket was not dealt with, and indeed no inquiry was held that I ever heard about. There are my certificates, sir, if you care to look at them."

"We'll take them as read for the present. I'm afraid I must speak in a rather guarded way for the time being. You see, I don't know you, and, for that matter, you don't know me. Indeed, to begin with, I may as well tell you that this is no ordinary humdrum trip that I've got in mind. It will be a case of sailing from here in a small steamboat with sealed orders; and from a professional point of view, I don't see that it can possibly lead up to much in the way of promotion after the job is done."

"That doesn't sound very encouraging, sir. You see, I'm young, and I don't want to get any marks on my ticket."

"You'd be a fool if you did. Moreover, here's another point: the business anyway will be risky, and very possibly will be highly dangerous."

Mr. Kettle squared his shoulders. "You needn't bring that into the account, sir," he snapped. "As I never suffered from nervousness as a mate, it isn't likely I should begin to shake at the knees if you're kind enough to promote me to be skipper. In fact," he added with a little sigh, "when troubles come along, it's most like meat and drink to me."

Sir George laughed rather hardly. "I should have thought that under existing circumstances you wouldn't want too much excitement to season your everyday meal. You ought to hanker after a humdrum, steady-going job with the maximum of screw and the minimum of risk."

"I know I should, sir, I know I should. But I can't help the way I'm built, however much I may regret it. Is the business gun-running?"

"I hadn't thought of that, though we might add it as a side issue. No, in one word, Captain, it's salvage. The story's a bit of an unlikely one, though I've gathered it happens with regularity at least twice or thrice a year. A steamer was coming home from a foreign port, and cargo shifted. As a point of fact, she was loaded with copper matte—copper concentrates, if you like it better—worth 35 pounds a ton, and she'd 4,300 tons' dead-weight of it on board. If you work that out, you get into big figures in pounds sterling."

"One hundred fifty thousand, five hundred pounds," said Miss Dubbs, who by reason of her exacting profession was of necessity a lightning calculator.

"Good. And then you must add on anything between twenty and sixty thousand pounds for the steamer, according to the condition in which one finds her. Well, Captain, she's been reported a total loss, and Lloyd's have paid on her as such. The whole tale is quite understandable, I'm told."

"Quite. A breeze came on—a breeze abeam, and the old man daren't put her nose on it because the chief told him that if she raced badly, either her engines would tie themselves up in knots, or else she'd drop her propeller overboard. So he kept her plugging along her course, and she rolled so badly that presently the cargo began to shift. That gave her a list to leeward, and every sea that hit her on the tall side sent more cargo sagging over, and the list got worse. The cargo being the copper ore you speak about, sir, they probably got hands below to do a bit of trimming, and when she rolled men got thrown down to leeward, and the heavy lumps fell in cascades down on top of them till most of them were crushed into a kind of pink beef jelly, and the rest cleared out on deck, and neither guns nor belaying-pins could drive them below again."

"You seem to know the symptoms, Captain."

"You see, sir, I was shipmaster with a shifted cargo myself once. Coal it was."

"Well?"

"Oh, we got a tarpaulin on her aft, and that blew her stern round till she'd answer to the helm and show her other side to the sea, and that trimmed her again. Lord, but when that coal did cascade across, I thought it would go slap through her rotten old plates into the North Sea."

"Well, and what about the threatened ore boat?"

"Oh, they didn't know enough to get her round, or tried and couldn't do it, or the old coffee-mill broke down and she lost her way and kept getting badly swept, or a dozen other things might have happened. But, anyway, the crew decided they hadn't sufficient on board to stay there and get drowned, and they made off in the boats and whether the after-guard were weak-backed enough to go with them, you know, sir, better than I do."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you. But I gather that the tale fell out much as you have told it, only the boats got swamped and, so far as I know, only one man escaped drowning. He, as it happened, poor chap, was a cousin of mine, who'd kicked rather badly over

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

the traces and had found it convenient to disappear. He was drifting homeward again, it seems, in this boat's stoke-hold, and was very pleased with himself, because after hammering about the seas for three years as a trimmer, he had at last been promoted to being a full-blown fireman. You see, he'd once been a doctor with a very good practice, and just made the one mistake and—well, that won't interest you. Anyway, there he was. He got picked up by a South American beef boat when it was too late to be of use to him. He knew himself to be dying, and he'd seen every other man jack of his boat's crew go under before the ship turned up which found him.

"But here's the rum part of the tale. Before he died he wrote me a letter, which in due time was delivered. He said he wrote to me because in the past I'd been rather decent to him over a certain matter, and in return he wanted to put me in possession of a neat little fortune. He guessed (I suppose with a sick man's canny knowledge of such things) that his own steamer would be given up as a total loss, and he wrote to say that, barring the loss of boats and some superstructure, she was as sound as a bell, and her cargo not penny worse for its churning."

"H'm," said Mr. Kettle, "if your trip is to go hunting for an ore-laden derelict, sir, that's roaming about the seas as wind and currents direct, of course you may find her, if you can get in somewhere to coal often enough, and your patience holds out; or again you may not."

"Wait a bit, Captain. You have only heard Chapter One of the tale. Chapter Two tells how she got embayed snugly behind certain islands that fringe a savage coast."

"Oh," said Mr. Kettle, "I don't wish to speak disrespectfully about any gentleman that was a cousin of yours, sir, but are you sure, sir, that this one wasn't seeing the visions and the geography of New Jerusalem before he finally pegged out?"

"Of course, there is that reading. But at any rate his yarn is circumstantial. Listen, and tell me if there's any bad technical breaks. He says that when they put off there was a very heavy sea running, and the boat, which had been badly stove in the lowering, soon swamped. The air chambers kept her afloat, but before daybreak the sharks and the seas had eased her of half her people. Sometimes she floated right way upward, sometimes wrong, and on the whole they had (he says) a roughish trip of it. The amazing part of it was that in the morning there was the steamer, righted and apparently little the worse for her buffeting, and only a mile away from them; and beyond again was the shore of Africa, with a fine line of noisy, spouting reefs guarding it.

"The steamer and the swamped boat were in tow of a good brisk current, but the steamer was highest out of the water, and when the wind got her, drifted fastest. She got nearer and nearer to the reefs, and at last among them, and my poor old cousin watched to see her strike and go smash. But in some way she navigated clear of the rocks, though he said there was a regular graveyard of them, and he clearly saw her afloat on the smooth water inside.

"Then after the tide changed, or the current changed—you know what twiddly things currents are, Captain—and the swamped lifeboat got drawn out seaward again, and poor Fred seems to have had a pretty hazy notion of what had happened between then and the time when the beef boat picked him up. It was all a muddle of sun, and birds, and thirst, and fellows dying, and more birds trying to pick his eyes out, and trouble about some lady patients coming to see him in his consulting room in Harley street at home.

"And when at last he was hauled in out of the wet he'd a dose of angina pectoris, which as he said gave him due warning, and he'd just time to write this letter I told you of before another attack came along and (as the captain of the Argentina wrote to me) finished him off. So there's the tale, and I want to know what you think of it."

"I don't ask you to tell me more than you wish, sir' but the first thing I want to point out is that there is a lot of coast line to Africa. Did he mark off a likely bit?"

"He did."

"And is it likely to be disturbed? You said, if you remember, it was savage?"

"I should say that local effort has looted anything it fancied off the derelict, but if you come to add that up it probably won't amount to more than a few hundred pounds' worth. Tramp steamers of the brand that are chartered to carry ore are not usually fitted out with guns and swords and other tackle that would attract the savage eye. As for the copper matter, I can imagine their cursing when they got the hatches off and went down to have a look at it."

"And what about any other boat running in there and sighting her, and towing her off, and claiming salvage, so that when you got there you would find the harbor bare?"

"If she had been found Lloyd's would have been notified. They haven't, and, as a matter of fact, I have bought up all claims. If I told you the spot you would recognize at once that it is clear of all steam lanes, and there is not the smallest possibility of any craft blundering into that part of the coast and finding her."

"Then, sir, it seems to me you've got a cinch, and if you'll employ me as master of your salvage steamer, I'll be proud to undertake the business for you."

Sir George pulled rather a rueful afce. "Do you believe in luck, Captain?"

"I believe every man makes for himself the luck he deserves."

"That makes it rather worse, because I am free to own up to you that luck at present seems to have deserted me entirely, and as I'm going with this expedition myself for—well, for reasons—I should say the odds are I shall act as Jonah and wreck it."

"Sir," said Captain Kettle warmly, "don't you believe it for one instant. If you guarantee that the steamer's there and afloat, I'll guarantee to you, given a modest equipment, that I'll find her and bring her home. Yes, sir, the fact of your luck being down and the trifle that half the tribes in Africa are showing their teeth and trying to keep her as their private yacht, won't stop me. Of course, this is always supposing you give me the job."

The big man's tired face lighted up with a smile. He had a very taking smile. "After the enthusiasm you have shown I don't see that I have any choice. So if in the teeth of all I've told you, you'll be good enough to accept the billet, it's yours to have. As regards pay, I don't know much about these matters, and I can't afford to be extravagant, but I'll give you the standard rate of salary if you will let me know what that is, and I'll also arrange for you to have a slice of the plunder if we manage to do our salvaging successfully. I must go now, but if you'll meet me at the station at 9:15 tomorrow we'll run into Liverpool and I'll get your advice on chartering a ship. So good night for the present, and good night to you also, Miss Dubbs."

"Well," said the barmaid presently, "If that isn't a gentleman, every inch of him, may I never wear a diamond ring. I can see it's been a strain to you, all this talk, Captain, but you take it from me, you'll soon get used to him. Now you come into the Snug and smoke a quiet pipe."

"Miss," said the little sailor, "I'm going to show you something." He took an old, hard-seasoned, highly-polished brier pipe from his pocket and looked at it thoughtfully. "Pipes," said he, "are all right for mates, and this one's been a very firm friend to me. But I'm a skipper now, and I must drop junior officers' ways. I've got to keep up the dignity of my position, and that means I've got to smoke cigars from now on."

With the poker he carefully skimmed away the black coals from the top of the fire and exposed a glowing cavern of red, and into this carefully and reverently he dropped the cherished pipe. It simmered for a moment or two, and then flame leaped from it. Captain Kettle found occasion to blow his nose with unnecessary violence, but Miss Dobbs, who was standing at his side, watching the cremation, patted his arm reassuringly.

"You were quite right, dear," said Miss Dubbs. "Now that you are a real captain, you must always remember to keep up your position."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. McTodd Graciously Decides.

There was, as far as I can gather, no actual proposal. They never even got to Christian names, and only in moments of forgetfulness slipped out "dear." It was always "Captain," or "Miss Dubbs," from one to the other, but the fact of their engagement was public property, and the little landlord in his deepest voice had pronounced benediction, and the audience in the Snug had enthusiastically drunk their healths separately and in combination.

Not till the day after the bargain had been struck, and in a ship-broker's office in Liverpool, did Captain Kettle discover that Sir George was Sir George Chesterman, and though the coincidence of names struck him as peculiar, he did not somehow associate him with the Miss Violet Chesterman of the Rhein and the Norman Towers. They had not a feature in common, and, for that matter, as far as he could trace, not a taste in common. Miss Violet, according to her own account, was society woman to the tips of her shoes; Sir George loved the country and country pursuits, and hated the town and all its peoples.

To make assurance doubly sure he had asked the landlord of the Mason's Arms as to what other members of the family ever came to the Hall except Lady Chesterman, and was promptly told "None." Sir George and his wife were a lonely couple with neither chick nor relative to brighten them, "which probably accounts," boomed the host in his moving whisper, "for her ladyship's tantrums. As I've often said to ma, if you've no children of your own, the best way to avoid dullness is to get other people round you, and that's why we went into the public line."

The steamer of Sir George's choice was finally run to earth—or to be more precise, to moorings—in the Tyne, opposite the Dolly Stairs, and Captain Kettle, after an impressive and respectful farewell to his fiancee, took train for South Shields, and engaged there a select but inexpensive lodging.

He traveled down in mufti because his mate's uniforms were having that extra band of gold lace added to the cuff which is the mercantile marine shipmaster's special ensign, but he carried the marks of the sea and his grade in the cock of his red torpedo beard, and in every line of his spruce figure, and more than one fellow-mariner inspected him with a curious stare as if to recall on which of the many seas they had met. It remained for the guard of the train at Kirkby Stephen to put the seal on this general recognition.

"Captain," said the guard, opening the door of Kettle's compartment and touching his hat, "there's a party in the rear coach that'll be handed over to the police when we get to Newcastle if some one don't take charge of him."

"Well?" said Kettle, tickled at the title but feeling the sedateness that was due to his rank.

"He say's he's a ship's officer, sir. It would be a pity for him to get into trouble if it could be avoided."

"What's the trouble? Is he drunk?"

"He's that, sir, and Scotch, and he's preaching a lecture to the other passengers in his compartment on the peculiarities of the English nose, as illustrated by themselves, and won't let them read their papers. It would be a charity, Captain, if you could do something, only"—the guard looked pointedly at his watch—"only you'll have to be quick about it."

"I'll go-look-see," said Captain Kettle, and jumped briskly out on to the platform.

The noise of argument came billowing out of a carriage window, and Kettle made for it, and put in his head.

"Gosh!" said a disheveled man inside, "it's the pirate. Mr. Mate, Mr. Picaroon, I've mislaid your name, but you're the very fellow I've come back to England to see. Ye'll ken I promised ye a yarn—"

"I know you did, and that's what I've come for, but I don't want to share it. Come along forward. I've got a compartment to myself there."

"And yon's a very wise obsairve. The yarn's full of humor, an' these loons here wad no' open their lips by way o' smile, though Nestor swore the jest were laughable. Ye can tell their seriousness by the cut o' their nebs. The quotation, by the way's from Shakespeare or George R Sims, but I forget which. Ye see—"

"Come along, man, or the train will pull out."

"And the railroad company would be the gainer by half my fare. I'll no gratify them. Aweel, ma friends, ye may enjoy your disgraceful nebs in peace—if ye can—till ye meet me next. Mr. Mate, I'll take your arm, just to show ma friendly feeling toward yersel'."

Now to be saddled with a talkative drunken man is embarrassing to any one; but when you are a seafarer, with a good deal of ignorance of, and distrust for English shore ways, and when, moreover, you are journeying to join your first command as captain, the situation approaches the tragic. Captair Kettle had a large experience of drunks, few men had more; and his usual treatment of them might be described as drastic but curative.

But here he found himself face to face with the very engineer, McTodd, who had in plain truth saved the lives of himself and his boat's crew out there in the Sargasso Sea (and incidentally one supposes saved the Norman Towers and her complement), and the ordinary treatment of tongue, foot, and fist seemd inappropriate. So he listened to Mr. McTodd's garrulous tale of how he sailed with the outraged Rhein into Tampico; how every officer on board of her "wanted to eat" him, but daren't; how (as a great triumph) he had been called on to translate the Spanish pilot's English into English the eye-glassed German captain could understand, when they drove in between Tampico pier heads; and how the Germans threw him into jail in that city, and how the British consul, stirred into activity by his tongue, reluctantly got him out. It was a great epic.

"And where are you bound for now?"

"Man," said McTodd, "I'm out to seek my fortune. My father was Free Kirk meenister at Ballindrochiter, though there's many that's met his son have never guessed it, and a fine education was all the capital he could give me. The worrld's my oyster, as Alfred Tennyson has neatly put the situation, and here"—he waved a discolored thumb—"here is my knife wherewith I shall open it. Now you're looking prosperous yourself. Maybe you know of a billet?"

Captain Kettle was torn between gratitude and duty "You're certificated, of course?"

"I'd scorn to deceive you. But in the academic sense of the word, I'm not. I know more of my craft than half the ducks that carry a chief's ticket will ever learn all their black lives through, but the Board of Trade will no' believe it. Ye see—in your ear—at times my spelling's phonetic, and that's fair ruin in an examination room."

"Well, that makes it difficult. I'm in want of a chief engineer. But the owner, I'm sure, would insist on his being fully qualified."

Mr. McTodd regarded his companion with an offensive eye. "D'ye you mean to tell me some philanthropist's been fool enough to put you in command of a ship of your own? Well, well, there was a humorist once said it takes all sorts to make a worrld."

The newly-made captain was growing more and more restive under all this, and there were moments when his fingers itched to take their accustomed course; but each time with an effort he called his new dignity to his aid, and gripped his teeth into the butt of his cigar, and sat grimly noninterferant in his corner.

"And who did you say was your owner?"

"I didn't say. He wishes to keep in the background. Nor can I tell you what's our real port of destination. We clear for Falmouth and beyond, but really we sail with sealed orders."

"Oho! More piracy may I ask? That seems to be your taste, and I must say you've a pretty knack for it. For myself, I like to keep my skirts clear of this sort of thing, coming, as I've telled ye, from respectable stock. But for you, of course, being without a pedigree, it'll no' matter if your inclinations run that way."

"Now just you listen here," said the exasperated sailor. "You've got to the edge of my patience. Give me three more words of your lip, and I'll throw you out of the window."

"Gosh!" said Mr. McTodd, "I'd love to see you try," and made an active spring. But Captain Kettle's expert fist shot out and caught him in mid-air accurately on the angle of the jaw, and Captain Kettle's trained fingers thereafter twisted his neckcloth till he was three parts strangled, and then Mr. McTodd was violently thrown into a corner of the carriage, so that his head rattled against the company's woodwork, and he was told to stay there in words that there was no possibility of misunderstanding.

"You needn't shout," said the Scot, "and cause inconvenience to the rest of the passengers in the train, who, for anything you know, may be respectable people. Your words were pairfectly clear. If you wish me to sleep, I'll do it for the present. I've been in the sun. It's a thing that might happen to anybody; I've known even deacons of the kirk to suffer from the effects of the sun. So I bid ye good night. We'll renew the conversation later."

Now, Captain Kettle was by nature generous and hospitable, but he recognized the limitations of his new position. He was under obligations to Mr. McTodd that it would not be an easy matter to repay. But if he was going to ship the man as a subordinate officer on his new command, it would be an unheard of thing to offer him hospitality in his own lodgings beforehand. Also, he was in very considerable doubt as to whether it would not be a betrayal of trust to sign him on at all. Of course, by the ritual of the sea service, as long as a man keeps sober and does his work while on duty, that is all that is required of him. His shore morals and habits are a matter of his own private concern. But would McTodd he reliable even at sea?

The little sailor thought these matters through over two more cigars and shook the engineer into wakefulness when, at last, the slow crosscountry train dragged its weary length into Newcastle station.

"Man," said Mr. McTodd, "I thank ye. I'm rested fine. Just in parenthesis, I'd like to tell ye that getting in the sun's no' a general habit of mine—it's a digression. I make no doubt (by your looks) that the same has happened to yourself, and that's why ye handled me so tenderly. I thank ye for that same. I've no' been put to sleep with such gentle care since I lay in ma mither's arms. Let me prospect; where's the third-class refreshment room? It's a habit with me, which you'd weel to follow, to let first-class refreshment rooms alone. They gie ye the same sized whisky in the first at a greater price, and containing less bite to the cubic inch, and the company you find yourself in there is apt to be above your station."

"I've no time to drink with you," said Captain Kettle savagely. "My train leaves in a minute. Will you take the loan of a pound?"

"I thank ye for the kind thought, but for the moment I do not need an advance. Ye see the British consul in Tampico, guided by me, mulcted that Dutch skipper in good heavy damages for false imprisonment, and, as I am no' what you might call a wasteful body, I didn't spend it as the consul had intended on a passage home to England. No, man; I just got a cast across the Gulf to Vera Cruz, and got sent home to bonny Cardiff from there as a distressed British seaman."

"Well, come to the point. Do you want a billet?"

"Gosh! the generosity of these great powerful men who run the empire!" Mr. McTodd raised his eyes in marvel toward the roof of Newcastle Station, and nodded at the dirty glass. "It's no' every kind of post I'd take. For example, I'd refuse an archbishopric, as they say, the hours are too long; and Parliament I never had a taste for, and the peerage is overcrowded. But a nice quiet job as a mayor, now, where a cellar is keepit in the Town Hall—"

"By James, listen! My ship's the Wangaroo; she's lying in the river off the Dolly Stairs. If you show up there tomorrow at nine o'clock, passably sober, I will do my best to give you a job. If you arrive drunk enough to disgrace me, I'll throw you into the river. Good night!"

Mr. McTodd put his hands deep into his jacket pockets, tilted the clay pipe between his teeth till it assumed a meditative cock, and gazed on the rapidly retreating back of his companion.

"Vara full of the importance of his braw new captain's ticket is you. It's a vara humorous situation, come to think of it. Weel, I've put a fine edge on to his temper, which as like as not some comparative stranger will benefit by later on. Oh, vara humorous! Captain Kettle, indeed, is he? Well, I'll sail with him, if I have to sign on as donkey-man. There'll be no monotony with Kettle as Old Man. Gosh! He's the sort that would find trouble in a ruridecanal meeting."

To Be Continued.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Comet Every 575 Years

New York Press.

THERE is a comet that comes within sight of the earth every 575 years. Its tail is millions of miles in thickness and many more millions of miles in length. It was first seen, so far as history records, 1,769 years before the birth of Christ. In a few weeks it faded from the sky, only to return in 1194 and 619 B. C. The year that Julius Caesar died—44 B. C.—it came again, returning in 531 and 1106 A. D. The last time it was seen was in 1681, when Sir Isaac Newton beheld it, and discovered that comets are kept in their orbits by the sun, the same as the earth and the other planets.

Two hundred and twenty-seven years have now passed since the comet disappeared. Even if it has been traveling no more rapidly than the earth does around the sun, its enormous bulk has been shooting through space at the rate of about 1,500,000 miles a day. Yet in 348 years from now—in 2256—this well-known visitor when it looked down upon the death-bed of Julius Caesar will again come within sight of those human beings, yet unborn, who will then inhabit the earth.

Talk about a railroad train going half-way across a continent in three days and reaching its destination on time, what is such a performance as compared with that of a comet that makes a trip of three hundred and ten billions of miles in 575 years and keeps so closely to its schedule that it always bursts from the darkness at the moment when the astronomers expect it.

In the light of modern astronomy, comets are now chiefly interesting because they assist in demonstrating the intensity of space and the greatness of the power that controls the universe. But there was a time when comets were alternately feared and praised. In the fifteenth century, the Christians, already solely pressed by the Turks, beholding in the sky a strange visitor, prayed to be saved from the devil, the Turk and the comet.

The pendulum of superstition had swung to the other side in the nineteenth century and comets were supposed to have such a beneficial influence on the climate that good crops were sure to follow. Wine growers advertised as "comet wines" the beverages that they pressed from grapes grown in 1811 and 1858, the excellence of which was attributed to the comets that appeared in those years.

Try It.

Punch.

Bee Master (to pupil who has just brushed off bee which stung him)—"Ah! You shouldn't do that; the bee will die now. You should have helped her to extract her sting, which is spirally barbed, by gently turning her round and round."

Pupil—"All very well for you, but how do I know which way she unscrews?"

New York's population increases yearly by 140,000.

MORE THAN EVER

Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of coffee. An Ills. woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called "coffee heart." I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in new, concentrated form called Instant Postum. It is regular Postum so processed at the factory that only the soluble portions are retained.

A spoonful of Instant Postum with hot water, and sugar and cream to taste, produce instantly a delicious beverage.

Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

THE FARMSTEAD

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

A cemetery in which I am interested is infested with gophers. How can we get rid of them? And how can moles in a gaden be destroyed? Do they eat seeds?—S., Kirkwood, Ill.

Will some reader of the Farmstead give me full directions about raising and managing Indian Runner ducks?—Mrs. E., Brush Prairie, Wash.

Chickens Need Meat.

In answer to W., Clarksburg, W. Va., in regard to his chickens plucking each other's feathers, it is due to the lack of meat that they need. If he supplies them with beef scraps, boiled until tender, they will give up the bad habit. One ounce of meat to each hen is all that is required for a week.—W., Du Bois, Pa.

Lime for Soils.

There is only one form of lime advocated by the Illinois agricultural experiment station and the Illinois Farmers' Institute for use on the farms of Illinois. This is the ground limestone rock. It is not recommended as a fertilizer direct, but as an agent to bring about certain changes in the soil. If the soil is acid legumes do not flourish, because the bacteria that live on their roots cannot thrive in an acid soil. Ground limestone will restore its sweetness; it will also promote the activity of the nitrofying bacteria that change organic nitrogen to nitrates, in which form only do plants take nitrogen through their roots. It will floculate a heavy clay soil, making it looser, and while there are many plants that do not use lime as a food legumes and certain crops demand such quantities that we are justified in supplying the lime for all common soils.

Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins reports that the most common prairie soil of southern Illinois contains only 4,788 pounds of lime per acre, whereas from his calculations 4,914 pounds are required for 30 four- ton crops of red clover. The same soil contains only enough lime for 23 four- ton crops of alfalfa. We must all realize, sooner or later, that our greatest problem in the restoration of our depleted soils is the supplying of humus and nitrogen, and that the first step in solving the problem is the application of limestone.

During the last nine years the Illinois station has made 318 tests to determine the effect of lime (ground limestone) on crop yields in southern Illinois. These tests were made at Odin, Edgewood, Mascoutah, Du Bois, Cutler, Ewing Raleigh and Vienna. They include 79 tests of legumes (clover, cowpeas and soy beans), 122 tests on corn, 55 tests on oats and 62 tests on wheat, these crops being grown on the rotations practiced. As an average of all the tests the yield per acre has been increasing by one-half ton of hay, by five bushels of corn, by 6.6 bushels of oats and by four bushels of wheat. The data secured and here reported are amply sufficient to justify the conclusion that in practical economic systems of farming on the prairie and timber soils of southern Illinois limestone at less than $1 per acre will produce one-half ton more clover or cowpeas hay, five bushels more corn, six bushels more oats and four bushels more wheat per acre.

While liberal use of limestone and the return of the increased vegetable matter will make marked and profitable improvement in soils, yet the improvement will be temporary unless phosphorus is also applied, because this element is present in the soil in small amount, and it is removed in crops and sold from the farm not only in grain and hay, but also in bone, in meat and in milk.

LIVE STOCK

Feeding the Lambs.

I feed nothing but lambs. The method of feeding depends on when I plan to sell them. If I want to get them off the following May, I do not feed any grain or grass; but when to market them in December or January I feed grain from the start. When the lambs go into winter quarters I take them entirely off the grass, unless I wish to feed corn fodder. In that case I turn them out each day that the ground is frozen. The lambs eat from both sides of the feed rack and both grain and roughage are fed in the same rack. They are built high enough to prevent the sheep jumping over them.

Our racks are the best I have ever seen to save feed, but it is a big job to make them. I would rather make a wagon bed than one of them, and could give intelligent directions for building them. We use 14 racks eight feet long, which will acommodate as many as 250 lambs. There is little room for discussion on the roughage question.

Clover or alfalfa hay are the ideal rough feeds for sheep, although I use some shredded fodder. Besides corn I use oats and bran in my ration. On small lambs, weighing from 45 to 55 pounds, I try to put on a gain of 35 to 45 pounds during my feeding period. I have done this by stocking them through on cheap feeds until March 1, and then finishing them in the two months following. During the first period I feed oats or corn, and for roughage oat straw or fodder. When ready to begin the feeding in earnest I run the corn up gradually to about all they will eat, or three bushels to 100 lambs. They will have salt by them all the time and all the clean water they will drink.

I consider two cents a pound over the buying price, with the wool clip, a good profit. I usually sell about the middle of May, the market being good at that time. I never feed before daylight, nor at noon. Usually I feed grain once a day until shearing time, then twice a day. I do not favor the self-feeder. The lambs are bought at the Chicago yards and dipped before shipping. Western lambs are hardier and easier to start. If I have no clover hay I begin feeding cautiously, giving one-half bushel corn to 100 lambs and gradually increasing the amount to one and one-half bushels.

When I have plenty of clover hay I feed little grain until March 1. We never feed timothy hay, as it will never do for sheep at any time. It is important to have enough rack room, that all lambs can eat at the same time.—Alva Van Atta in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Handling Calves.

After a calf has run with the cow long enough to have consumed the first milk, which takes two or three days, it is best to wean it and feed it by hand.

In teaching the calf to drink, place two fingers in its mouth and at the proper moment withdraw them and put its head into the bucket of milk. After a few lessons the calf will soon learn to drink.

It should be fed whole milk for about four weeks before you add any grain or skim milk. The milk should be fed to the calf warm—that is, with the animal heat still in it.

The calf should be fed about four quarts of whole milk a day at first. After about three weeks one quart of skimmed milk should be warmed. About a teaspoonful of oil meal should be added to the milk.

Care should be taken that the calf is not fed warm milk one time and cold milk the next, for this is almost sure to produce the sours. In case the calf does get the scours it should be fed ground blood, in doses of a teaspoonful to a feed, until the trouble has stopped. This dried blood is sold at most feed stores. In case it cannot be obtained, a tablespoonful of common salt will be found very effective.

Teach the calf to eat grain after it is four or five weeks old. Let it go without one feed of milk, so it will be hungry, and place a few grains in the calf's mouth. If you hold up its head it soon learns to chew the grain.

Corn should be placed in a box so that the calf can reach it. All the corn that the calf will eat up clean should be fed. In case more corn is fed than the calf will consume, the box trough should be cleaned before the next feed. Calves will not eat so much if there is any feed left over.

The increase of the skim milk should be gradual until the calf is about seven weeks old, when it should be receiving only skim milk. The feeder must be governed by the size of the calf and its growth, but the average calf should receive eight quarts daily when it is eight weeks old. When the calf is fed twice a day it will drink more than is needed if it has a chance.

If the calf is born late in the spring it should have access to a good pasture. Good, cool water should be supplied. Alfalfa or clover make excellent pasture for young calves.

THE DAIRY

Making Prime Butter.

Professor Gilbert, of the Canadian station, tells how he makes prime butter, in these words:

In making prime butter, in the first place, I always see that the milk is drawn from the cows under clean conditions, and I know that I cannot get prime butter from dirty milk. Immediately after milking I carry the milk to the dairy and pass it through a milk filter into the setting pans. At the end of the setting period, I carefully separate the milk and then use the ripener.

I consider the cream ripe for butter making when it contains 5 to 6 per cent of acid. I generally use commercial starter at the rate of about one pint of starter to each gallon of cream.

Never do I mix two or more lots of cream at different stages of ripening. Otherwise the resulting butter is of inferior quality. About three or four hours before churning I cool the cream down to the temperature at which it is to be churned.

I strain the cream into the churn and commence churning slowly, gradually increasing the speed until the churn is revolving at about 50 revolutions per minute.

The churn is ventilated frequently, allowing the escape of gases.

Churning is stopped immediately the butter breaks; that is, when it is in a fine, mealy condition. This is detected by the falling of the cream in the churn and by the glass window becoming partly cleared.

The buttermilk is drained off through a hand sieve, over which a fine muslin has been tied in order to prevent the loss of any particles of butter. Enough water is strained into the churn to float the butter grains, the churn is rotated several times and the water drawn off. This is repeated two or three times until all the buttermilk has been washed from the butter.

For ordinary market butter I use about half an ounce of salt to the pound. The butter is worked slightly and left for about 20 minutes to allow the salt to dissolve. It is then worked a little more and then made up into bricks or packed into molds.

THE ORCHARD

Fighting the Frost.

Orchard heating was first practiced in France. There they used manure for fuel with good results. Manure gives off large amounts of smoke when burned, and by piling it on the windward side of the vineyard or orchard and burning it the blanket of smoke thus formed prevents frost.

There are two ways of preventing the temperature from falling to the danger point, according to D. E. Lewis of the Kansas Agricultural College. One is by keeping a cloud of smoke over the orchard to prevent the radiating heat from passing off, the other is by actually raising the temperature with fires. Almost any material may be used for either purpose. Wood, coal and oil are the most common. In practice, oil has proved most economical except in localities where coal and wood are very cheap. The oil has the advantage of giving off much heat and smoke, thus combining the two methods of preventing frost.

Numerous small fires through the orchard are better than a few large ones, as there is less tendency to cause an upward draft. One exception to this is in the case of a freezing temperature combined with a high wind. In this event large fires on the windward side of the orchard are best. Smoke is of little value at such times. Ordinarily there is little danger of frost forming during windy nights, and for this reason all oil pots are made with the idea of combining the heating and smoking qualities.

The first heating pots to be used were tin buckets with flaring sides and a few holes punched through the sides near the top. These allow a small draft and will furnish a large amount of smoke. The pots in use at the Kansas experiment station are provided with a storage tank and will hold enough fuel for five or eight hours' burning. The fuel used for heating is 30 gravity oil and is made from crude oil by taking some of the lighter oils from it, such as gasoline and benzine. This oil costs from 3 to 5 cents a gallon.

About 40 to 80 pots are needed in each acre, depending on the size of the trees. One man can tend to 40 or 60 pots of the small size or a good many more of the storage pots. The storage pots require little filling at night, and thus reduce the cost of heating to some extent, as less labor is required. All the pots have their advantages.

Frost usually forms from 3 o'clock to 6 o'clock in the morning, and if only a slight drop in temperature is expected the pots may not need to be filled more than once during the night. In case of very low temperature the heat will need to be supplied for a longer time. Then the storage pots are much more economical because one man can tend twice the number of them.

The time to start the fire is when the temperature has fallen about 30 degrees. If it is falling fast it would be better to start a 32 or 31 degrees. Two years ago the temperature fell to 26 degrees without any appreciable damage to the fruit on high ground, but this was an exception. To be prepared for a frost the pots should be set in the orchard, with about a gallon of oil in each, early in the spring. In case of a sudden drop in temperature this will make the lighting much faster and will require fewer men to do the work. When all danger from frost is over in the spring they may be gathered and stored until the next spring.

The profit from orchard heating will depend largely on whether or not the frost is local or general. If general, the price of fruit will be affected and heating will pay, but if only local it is less sure. In the Grand Junction valley, Colorado, where fruit growing is practiced on a large scale and almost to the exclusion of everything else, growers use every possible means of protecting their fruit. They sometimes put as many a four or five pots to each tree if the weather is very severe. They get regular reports on the weather predictions and when a frost is expected they are ready to start the heating. In this way the fruit often is saved and brings big returns for the money spent in heating.

POULTRY

Dispose of Dead Fowls.

There is nothing connected with the poultry yard that will cause the spread of disease quicker than improper handling of dead fowls, says a writer in the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean. Lately we noticed in the yards of a well-to-do farmer a sight that plainly demonstrated to us why it is that farm fowls are often the worst sufferers from the ravages of disease. It seems that several fowls had died from some unknown cause. Instead of burning them and destroying for all time the chance of the disease spreading among the rest of the flock the owner had conveniently thrown them into the branches of a neighboring cherry tree. There they hung, several feet above the ground, rapidly decaying from the effects of weather and sun, spreading to all the country around thousands of disease germs. I do not believe that there is a single profession where as many disinterested people can be found as in the profession of farming, especially poultry farming. It is a broad statement, but it seems to me that farmers especially would be the most interested of all people and would do those things that would tend to better their condition and make production easier.

Essentials to Success.

Did you ever meet a poultryman that was up to date, that knew what you were talking about when you mentioned fireless brooders or open front houses; or knew the blood lines of every famous flock in the world whether they were of his breed or not. Didn't it fill you up with enthusiasm to think that there was one man in this whole wide world that was willing to try out new methods for himself without waiting until every one of his neighbors had used them for years? It is that sort of man that climbs the ladder to success and enjoys his possessions while those around him are waiting to be certain if the climbing is safe!

In building poultry houses remember that there is no need of having the houses ten or 12 feet high. Eight feet in height is plenty of room and will provide ample air for the fowls if the proper means of ventilation are employed. Where houses are built higher than that the extra amount of space causes an additional expense that could be avoided and also makes it harder to keep the houses warm during the cold months.

While it is generally thought that chicks do best on free range, it is not a good plan to allow them free range until they are about four weeks old. But that time they will be sufficiently hardened to withstand the rigors of running about on range and will not be so apt to suffer ill effects from the strenuous exercise necessitated by free range.

Look well to the ration of the male birds, especially at this time of the year. They are apt to be overchivalrous and not eat enough food to sustain their vigor, which is a necessity during the breeding season. If your male birds are inclined to be too generous, it would be well to separate them from the hens for an hour each morning until they have had time to eat sufficient to satisfy their wants. You will be surprised how greedily they will eat when given the chance. It seems that they, too, are "henpecked."

Preserving Eggs.

A mode of preserving eggs has been practiced in Bavaria recently which is said to be satisfactory. The eggs are placed in water of a temperature of about 95 degrees for a quarter of an hour. Then they are put on a net, held for five seconds in boiling water, and then, as quickly as possible, removed into cold water. The eggs, still wet, are laid on a clean cloth and allowed to dry by exposure to the air. They must not be dried off with a cloth or towel. When they are dry they are packed in a box with bran and ground peat. The box is stored in a cool place, out of reach of frost. Eggs thus preserved in June were found to be perfectly fresh next March.

THE GARDEN

The Valuable Toad.

Investigations which have been carried on by the United States Department of Agriculture give the common garden toad a most useful place among the insect destroyers which are helpful to the horticulturist. An examination of 149 toads' stomachs showed that 98 per cent of the little animals' food consisted of insects of one kind or another. Among these were found cutworms, ants, bugs and beetles, spiders, potato bugs, thousand-legged worms, weevils, tent caterpillars and grasshoppers, wireworms and armyworms, cucumber bugs, plum curculios, gypsy moths cabbage moths and grape caterpillars.

In the the stomach of one toad 77 thousand-legged worms were found, in another 55 armyworms. One toad in captivity snapped up 86 house flies in ten minutes; another was given 24 gypsy moths at one feeding. With so much required to satisfy the appetite of a toad at a single meal, it would be diffinult indeed to put an estimate on the huge amount of insect food consumed in a single season.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED GEESE

TOULOUSE GEESE.

This is an old-fashioned variety which originated in France. It has reached its greatest perfection. both in vitality and fancy values, in the hands of the English breeders. The Toulouse is very popular in the United States, where it is widely bred. In color the fowls are generally a dark steel gray with the stern tail and paunch white. The bill and legs are deep orange, and the fowls reach enormous size. The standard weights in America require 16 to 20 pounds for females, 20 to 25 pounds for males. The standard in England requires them to weigh about three pounds heavier than in America.

5 YEAR GUARANTEE HIGHEST QUALITY

This Fine $55.00 BUGGY only $29.50

MUTUAL BUGGIES are recognized everywhere as standard—proven the best. Only line guaranteed for 5 years. Sold direct cutting out middlemen's profits and saving you $25.00 to $45.00 on each buggy.

This Fine Model Style G. L. Only $29.50 Retails at $55.00

Delivered Price on request.

Other styles have twin auto and triple auto seats, with automobile top. Also Surreys, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, Farm Trucks, etc. All at lowest wholesale prices—Sent on approval—Guaranteed to please or your money back.

MUTUAL HARNESS is the best on the market—made of highest grade pure leather—sold direct at a saving of 25% to 50%. FULLY GUARANTEED.

Reference—S. Ill. Nat'l. Bank.

Single buggy harness $5.85 per set up; double, $14.10 up; work harness, $19.00 up.

Write today for FREE Catalog and Delivered Prices.

Mutual Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co., Station 46L East St. Louis, Ill. or Sta. 46L 101 E. 4th Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

STEEL ROOFING $1.25 PER 100 SQ. FT.

Greatest Roofing offer ever published. Now, high grade, durable Steel Corrugated Roofing, 22 in. x 24 in. Per 100 sq. ft. $1.25

When ordering this lot mention 7-Ad-700. This price is f.o.b. Chicago. Write for Freight Paid Prices

We can furnish Roofing and Siding from the cheapest to the best. Write for our prices on Galvanized Roofing at $2.50 per 100 sq. ft. and up.

ASK FOR FREE ROOFING CATALOG

Valuable information on Ceiling, Siding & Roofing

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO. Dept., 93. Chicago

FREE Murray Catalog

"Direct from Factory to Horse"

Biggest and best Catalog of Vehicles Harness and Accessories published.

$27 Saved on this up-to-date buggy shows how Murray saves you from 1/3 to 1/2.

Shipped direct from factory. 4 weeks' road trial. 2 years' guarantee. Get the Murray Book before you buy. Postal will bring it. Investigate our claims. Write for it today.

The Wilber H. Murray Mfg. Co. 927 5th Ave. Cincinnati, O.

ver-Night Relief for Constipation

Small Dose on Retiring and You Are Well and Happy by Morning.

MR. A. B. DANNER.

t is only natural that the simplest ailments should be the most gen- l, and so we have a whole nation ffering from constipation and in- gestion, for they are closely allied. t common as constipation is many ople do not seem to know they have They will complain of headache, owsiness or biliousness, all uncon- ious of the cause of the trouble.

You should have a full and free vement at least once a day. If you ss a day you are constipated, and e result will be that you will catch cold easily or have a more serious ment. To cure the constipation and estall still graver trouble take a se of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin night before retiring and by morn- relief will come, without disturb- ce from sleep or any inconvenience.

Legions of people use it regularly in ch emergencies, some of them for- rly chronic invalids who have suf- red from constipation all their lives. . A. B. Danner, 326 Riley St., Har- burg, Pa., says: "Dr. Caldwell's rup Pepsin gave me almost instant lief from stomach and bowel trou- . I now eat anything I want and ep well." Many others will tell you at they have tried most things rec- mended for this purpose but have und Syrup Pepsin the only one al- ys reliable. A bottle can be ob- ined at any drug store for fifty cents one dollar, the latter size being bought by families already familiar with its merits.

Syrup Pepsin is mild pleasant-tasting and non-griping. Mothers give it to tiny infants, and yet it is effective in grownups. It is for everyone who suffers from any form of stomach, liver or bowel trouble, constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, etc. Its action will so delight you that you will forever avoid harsh cathartics, purgatives, pills and salts.

If no member of your family has ever used Syrup Pepsin and you would like to make a personal trial of it before buying it in the regular way of a druggist, send your address—a postal will do—to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 423 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and a free sample bottle will be mailed you.

ILLIONAIRE ON TRAIN

ame Kansas City Southern Bandit Was After.

Kansas City, Mo., May 2.—The rob- ry of the Joplin millionaire, Jesse Short, was the real object of the ant bandit who held up a Kansas ty Southern passenger train in the ansas City suburbs early today and e "holding up" of several other ssenger was merely incidental, ac- rding to the theory of the police ho instigated a thorough search for e robber today.

After a duel with Mr. Short in the rrow Pullman, the robber fell off e train wounded, carrying $1,000 Short's money, and the mine own- was left lying in his berth with ree bullets in his body.

Physicians attending Short at a cal hospital say he will recover un- ss unforeseen complications arise.

The fact that a mysterious person such stature had been seen about local hotel where Mr. Short stop- d, reached the ears of the police d eventually resulted in the the- y that the bandit had shadowed e millionaire and believed a Pull- an berth the best place to rob him.

According to a telegram sent the lice today from Grand View, Mo., C. G. Gibson, conductor of the ain, which continued on its way uth, the total amount obtained was ,100 in money and a diamond. Of is Gibson said Mr. Short lost $1,- 0, W. J. Scafer, Neck City, Mo., 5, and F. A. Seaman, Eureka Springs, Ark., $35, and a diamond stud. Conductor Gibson said the robber must have been wounded seriously as he left blood in pools in the Pullman aisle and on the platform from which he leaped.

When daylight came the search for the big robber went forward with double vigor. The escape was effected in a region of switch tracks, box cars and market gardens.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S BODY

Frederick, Md., May 1.—The body of the heroine of Whittier's famous poem—Barbara Fritchie—which has rested in the old Reformed graveyard here since 1862, today was removed to a vault in Mount Olivet cemetery, where it is to be reinterred beside that of her husband. The Barbara Fritchie Memorial Association is raising funds for erecting a memorial to her memory. It is expected that the memorial will be unveiled some time next autumn.

FREE SUGAR TO COST US HAWAII

Washington, May 1.—Placing sugar on the free list would result in the turning of the Hawaiian Islands over to the Japanese, said a letter Senator Works had read in the senate today from the Episcopal bishop of Honolulu.

"It would drive nine-tenths of the white population, other than the troops, from the island and leave it in the hands of the Japanese, who might be able to exist on the reduced profits from work on sugar plantations," said the writer.

98 cents Post Paid

Guaranteed 5 Years

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogue of Elgin Watches we will send this elegant watch by mail post paid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentlemen's size, full nickel silver plated case. Arabic dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this adv. to us with 98c, and watch will be sent by return mail postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98c today. Address

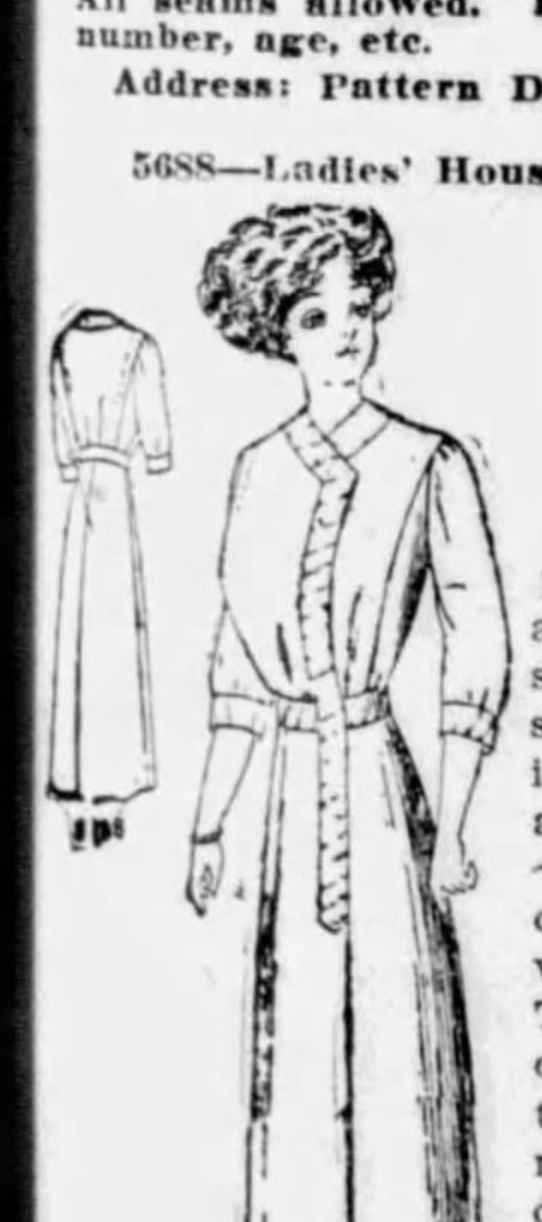
R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.

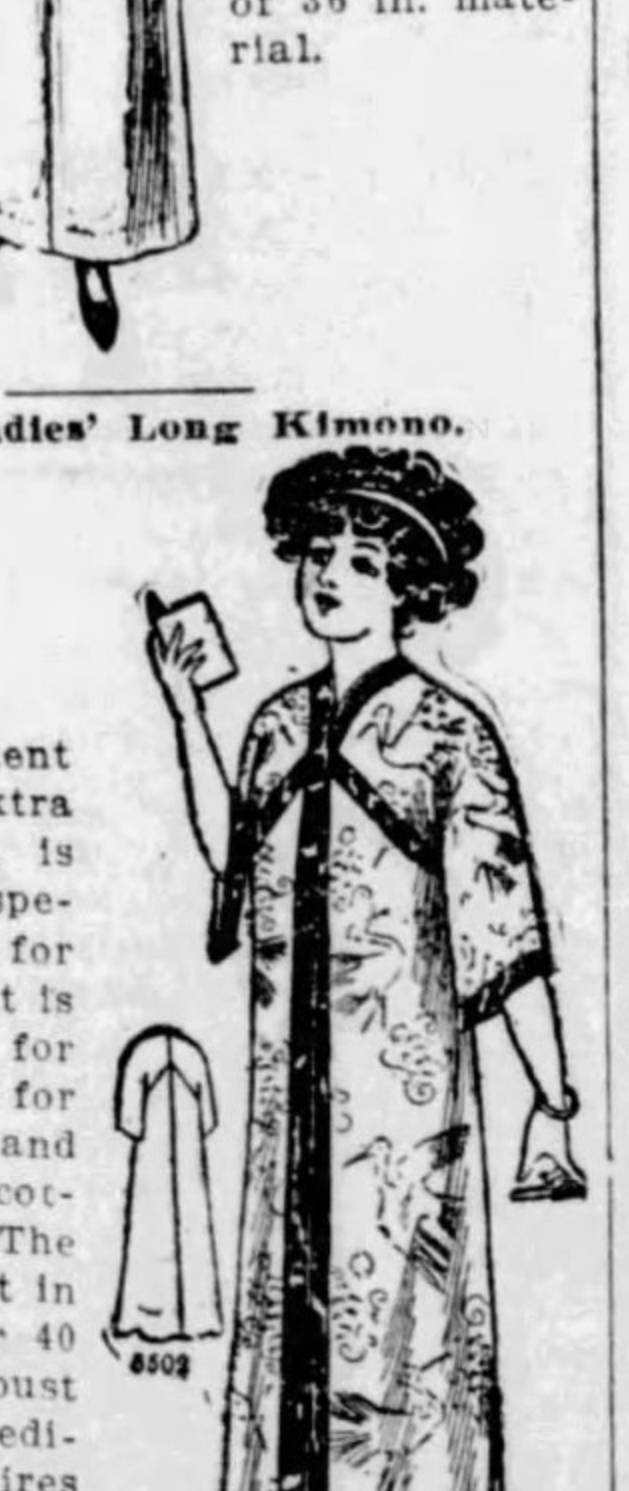
Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5688—Ladies' House Dress.



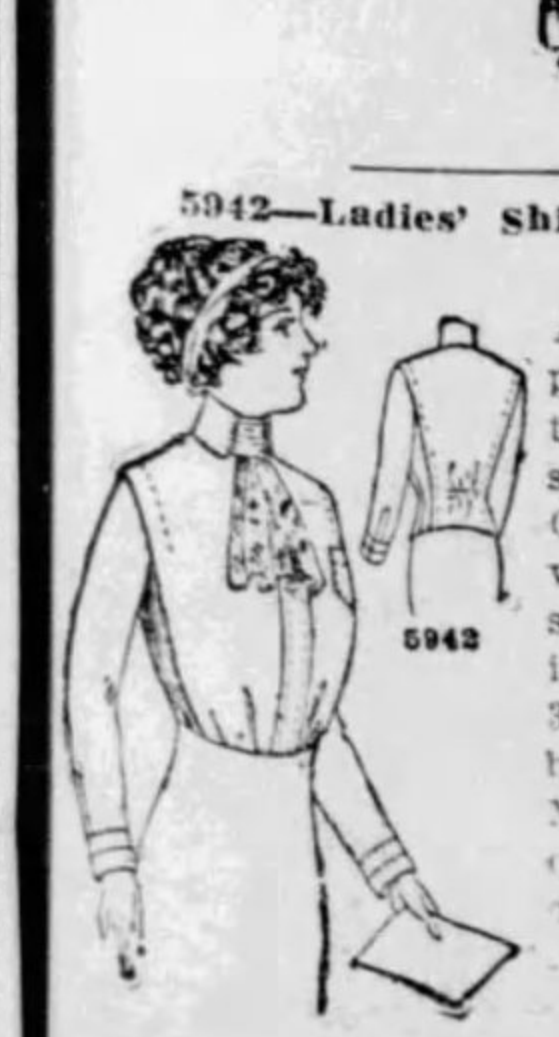
A very simple design with a five gore skirt and a side front closing. Appropriate for silk, cotton crepe cashmere or wash goods. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 5½ yds. of 36 in. material.

5502—Ladies' Long Kimono.



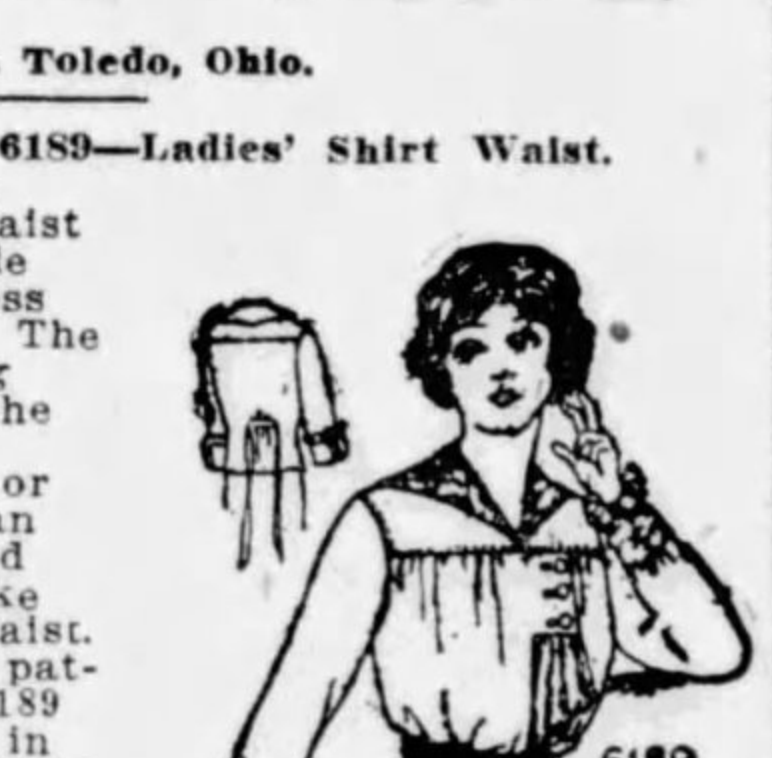
This garment has no extra fullness and is therefore especially nice for home wear. It is suitable for crepe fabrics, for figured silks and for printed cotton fabrics. The pattern is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 4¾ yards of 36 inch material.

5942—Ladies' Shirt Waist.



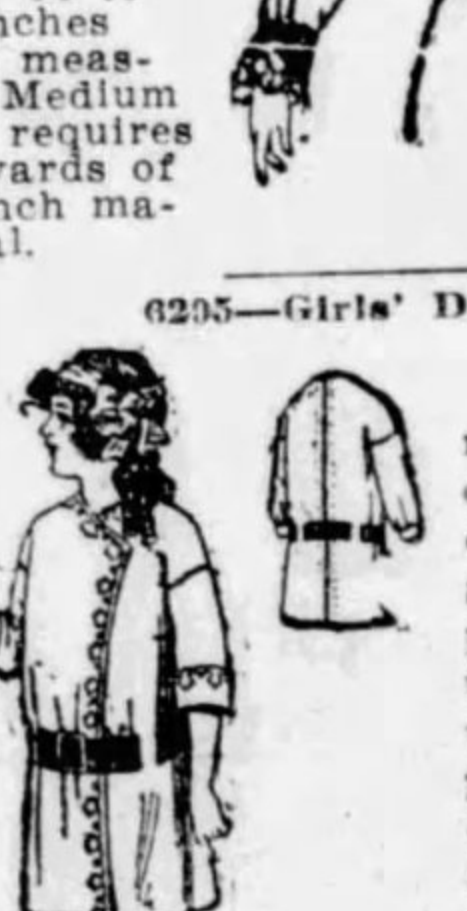
Appropriate for part of a costume or for a separate waist. Can be made of wash goods of silk. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material.

6189—Ladies' Shirt Waist.



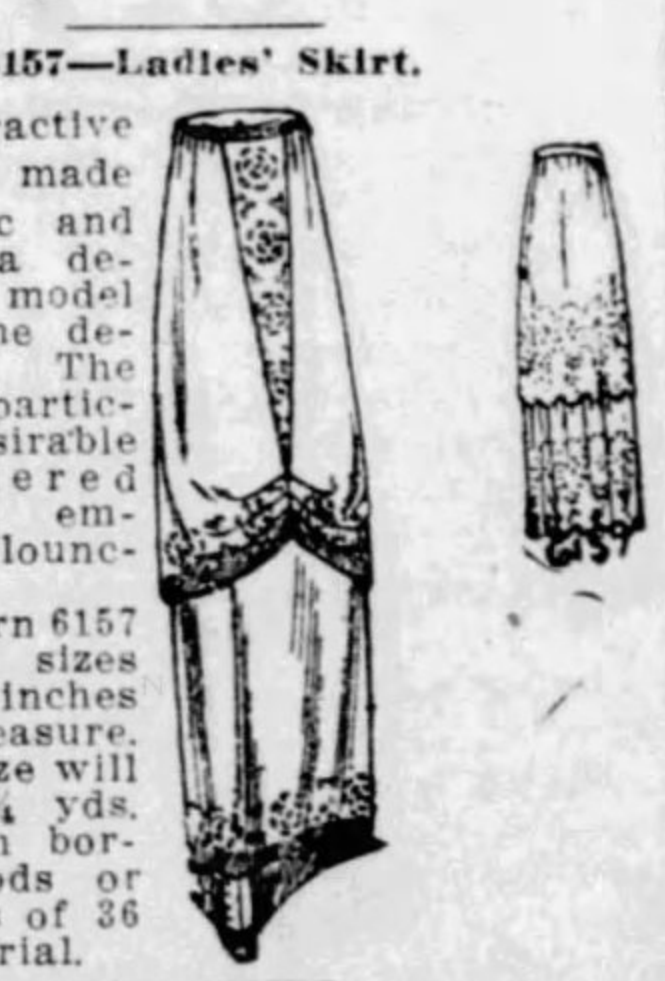
This shirtwaist is made seamless yoke. The closing is at the front. Linen or silk can be used to make this waist. The pattern 6189 is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material.

6205—Girls' Dress.



This dress is made with the drop shoulder effect. Linen, gingham or pongee can be used to make this dress. The pattern 6205 is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 3⅛ yards of 36 inch material.

6157—Ladies' Skirt.



This attractive skirt is made with tunic and is quite a delightful model for costume development. The design is particularly desirable for bordered goods or embroidered flouncing. The pattern 6157 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size will require 4¾ yds. of 28 inch bordered goods or 3¾ yards of 36 inch material.

HOW TO MAKE A PETTICOAT

Do you know how to make a petticoat? If not, you can learn easily by securing a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Don't miss the opportunity that is offered to every purchaser of a Blade pattern. The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but if you buy a Blade pattern you can get the book for five 1-cent stamps. Save your certificate and get a book that no woman should be without.

In an average year the Missisipi carries out to sea 136,000,000 tons of mineral or earth salts in solution and 340,000,000 tons of mud.

"SLAV SCOURGE" SCARES EUROPE

It Is the Successor Over There of Deceased Yellow Peril.

New York, May 2.—Europe practically has recovered from the fear of the Yellow Peril. Now it's coming down with the Slav Scourge.

There are 165,000,000 Slavs in Europe. That multitude could produce 10,000,000 two-fisted fighting men. The thought of so many Slavs goose-stepping cross country has given the rest of Europe the horrors. Austria is especially gifted in visioning this danger. It sees the Czar of Russia at the head of the largest body of fighting men—in proportion to total population—since Genghis Khan put the "for rent" sign on China. There wouldn't be a county line or a frying chicken left from Scutari to the Faubourg St. Germain.

"All nonsense," says Prof. M. I. Pupin, who is without doubt the foremost Serb in the United States. He is at the head of the allied societies of Serbs here and is in constant touch with the leaders in the Balkans. "It is inconceivable that the Slavs of the Balkan States and of the Austrian provinces should ever place themselves under the political leadership of Russia."

That the war in the Balkans will result in upsetting the balance of power in Europe and in the creation of a new political entity is his conviction, however.

"There will be a South Slavonic federation," said he. "As a direct result of the war there will be a Greater Servia, a Greater Bulgaria and a Greater Montenegro. Montenegro and Servia may form a single state under two kings. The South Slavonic provinces of Austria—Dalmatia, Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Carniola and Slavonia—will ultimately be included. Greater Greece—not Slavonic in blood—will join the federation for reasons of self interest."

The federation would number 33,000,000 Slavs. The 8,000,000 Slavs of the Balkan states alone can put 500,000 fighting men in the field. It isn't much wonder that Austria is lying awake nights, that Germany is hysterically adding to its army, that Italy is growing colder toward the triple alliance, that France is adding to the term of enlistment, or that Johnny Bull is lying awake nights seeing airships.

A FREE CHICK BOOK.

Mr. C. O. Woods, a chemist and poultry fancier of 310 West 3rd Street, Lee's Summit, Missouri, has written a valuable booklet on White Diarrhoea in little chicks and why so many of them die. He also tells of a simple home treatment that cures this disease over night and saves about 98% of each hatch. Everyone interested in poultry raising should write him today for a copy of this booklet which he is sending free to readers of The Blade.—Advt.

$32,750 FOR BROWNING LETTERS

New Yorker Buys Packet at Auction in London.

London, May 2.—A packet of upwards of 500 love letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning was bought at auction today for $32,750 by a New York dealer. The bidding started at $3,000 and rose rapidly by bids of $250 each.

FLEES FROM JOB HUNTERS

Chairman McCombs Has Sailed for Europe.

New York, May 3.—Chairman McCombs, who sailed for Europe today to escape insistent office seekers, announced that he will continue his law practice upon his return.

AIRMAN FALLS TO HIS DEATH

Paris, May 3.—An army airman named Bellini fell while flying at the Versailles aerodrome today, and was killed.

$2,500 Policy FREE

Pulls Orders —MONEY FOR YOU!

See here! We are one of the oldest firms in business. Supreme tailoring means best tailoring. Our reputation will land orders for you and big money. Your spare time spent showing the Supreme line of men's fine all wool fabrics and up-to-the-minute styles will make you more in a day than you can make in a week. Build a big profitable business of your own. No canvassing and no experience needed.

Our $2,500 POLICY FREE Helps You Make $10 to $20 a DAY and UP

With every suit or overcoat we are going to give a Genuine Leather pocketbook and $2,500 transferable accident policy in one of the biggest Companies in America. It's a whirlwind order bringer. We will send you absolutely Free,

Express Prepaid, our big line of all wool fabrics and styles in suits and coats, tape measure, order blanks, etc. Styles and prices suiting every taste and pocketbook. Show this to our regular customers and your friends—show them the $2,500 policy and watch the dollars roll in.

SUPREME TAILORING CO., Dept. M, Chicago, Ill.

FEATHER BED BARGAINS

Send us this ad with $10.00 Money Order and we will ship you one first-class, new 40-pound Feather Bed; one pair 6-pound new Feather Pillows, worth $2.50; one 6-pound new Feather Bolster, worth $2.50; and one pair full size Blankets, worth $3.50, all for $10. All new goods and no trash. Biggest bargain ever offered. Satisfaction guaranteed. This offer is good for a short time only. Mail money order now or write for circular and order blanks. Reference, American Exchange National Bank. Address Southern Feather and Pillow Co., Dept. 20, Greensboro, N. C.

This Beautiful 20 Year Watch $3.75

Elegantly engraved THIN MODEL, GOLD FINISHED double Hunting case, 7 jewel American lever movement, stem wind and stem set. 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Long gold finished chain for Ladies, fob or vest chain for Gents Free.

$3.75 THIN MODEL

20 Year Guarantee

EXAMINATION FREE. Let us send it C.O.D. to your express office, after you examine it, if you think it is a bargain and equal to any $15.00 watch, pay the express agent our Special price $3.75. Mention Ladies', Men's or Boys' size.

HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 508 CHICAGO, ILL.

THIS BIG BARGAIN ROCKER

Direct from factory to you $2.69

Every article illustrated in our Catalog is as good a value as this Rocker.

No. 413 Price $2.69

Write for our New Free Catalog. Most wonderful money saving book ever published. You can buy from us easier than in a store. It shows accurate illustrations and truthful descriptions of over 1,000 pieces of furniture, all lower priced than in any other catalog you ever saw. It will convince you that it is profitable for you to deal with us. Our prices are the lowest on earth.

Large, handsome rocker in beautiful rich golden finish. Upholstered in Manhattan leather. Broad arms. Roomy spring seat 19 inches square. Back 38 in. high from floor, 24 in. from seat. Weight 30 lbs.

Full size Iron Bed	$1.19
Kitchen Cabinet Base and Top	4.95
Handsome Set of 6 Dining Chairs	5.85
Brussels Room Rug 9x12 feet	8.95

Everything at similar low prices all shown in our catalog. WE SELL YOU ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Order what you want, use it a month, then decide. If not satisfactory return it to us. We will refund all you paid with freight charges both ways. Write for our catalog today, study it, you will see for yourself that you save big money in dealing with us.

MOORE & MERRITT CO., Station 922, Pittsburg, Pa.

ECZEMA IN PIMPLES ALL OVER BODY

Spread in Great Sores. Feet and Legs Almost Solid Sore. Awful to See. Great Suffering. Scarcely Slept Any. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

Estill, Mo.—"My little son had eczema broken out all over his body as bad as it could be. It broke out in red pimples, and as he scratched them they spread in great sores. His feet and legs were almost a solid sore. It was awful to see and caused him great suffering. He scarcely slept any at night, but cried and scratched until his hands and clothes were covered with blood.

"We had him treated time after time and got medicines and salves, but they only relieved him a little. He was troubled with it over a year when I decided to try Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap. I had been using the Cuticura Soap and it seemed to relieve him more than anything. After using one box of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap the sores were entirely gone and he rested once more at night. Cuticura Soap and Ointment soon banished the scars and completely cured him. He has never been bothered any more." (Signed) Mrs. H. H. Davis, Mar. 30, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. A single set is often sufficient. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

☞Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

JORDAN EXPLAINS JAPANESE TANGLE

Noted Educator Points Out That Dispute Commenced Eight Years Ago.

Sacramento, Cal., April 30.—"The situation in California is a continuation of the movement begun eight years ago by San Francisco unions against Japanese immigration and now given a sudden and acute turn by protests of farmers in certain localities against the Japanese ownership of farming lands," says David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University.

"The immigration question is disposed of by the agreement of the state department with the foreign office of Japan by which no new Japanese laborers have reached the coast since 1907.

Are Good Farmers.

"The movement is now turned against resident Japanese. Japanese owned in 1912 12,726 acres of 334 farms of an assessed value of $470,000 largely second rate land, mostly in Sacramento, Solano and Fresno counties. They irrigate and spend much labor, greatly improving the land and raising mostly strawberries, grapes, vegetables and small fruits.

"Their profits are greater than those of ordinary farmers. They extend operations by intensive farming rather than by increased acreage.

"Some of their neighbors object to their oriental ways and economical living. Farmers are by no means a unit as to this, there being many strong friends of the Japanese about Fresno and Sacramento. Some protests from districts where there are no Japanese whatever, was a result of the agitation.

Not Like Negro.

"Many people honestly fear the influence of the Japanese because of the dread of race problems, as developed in the south. It is not a parallel case, however, as the Japanese never were slaves, are more industrious than the average European and are more ambitious. Their numbers are small and under present restrictions are not increasing.

"Some fear race mixtures. This is of rare occurrence.

"The dominant power in the legislature is trying to frame statutes preventing future extension of Japanese land holding. The governor is reported to have given his assent, but is not known to be pledged. It is claimed by opponents that any discrimination, open or veiled, against citizens of particular nations is unconstitutional because of the theory that the state may not have direct relations with a foreign nation as it would be usurpation of powers reserved by the United States.

"An attempt was made to meet this objection by technical verbiage, applying it to persons ineligible for citizenship. This is the same in intent and in effect, as the proposed laws mainly affect people of one nationality.

Up to Federal Courts.

"Protests from China are less emphatic as many now here, being natives, are citizens. The Japanese ministry cannot do less than protest against such discrimination. If such statutes are enacted the federal courts must decide. Meanwhile, constitutional or not, certain legislators thus make good their pledges.

"Another plan is to grant aliens such privileges as their own nation grants Americans. This would probably be constitutional and perhaps not unfair, because reciprocal, but extremely difficult of interpretation as it would involve study of land laws of all nations represented in California.

"The opposition to any anti-alien legislation is based on the desire not to embarrass the Washington administration, a desire not to embarrass the present Tokio ministry, which is an able body, especially friendly to progressive ideas, to national economics, to reduction of armament and to friendship with America; a desire not to embarrass the Panama exposition and to promote friendship across the Pacific.

"Protests of Christian bodies in Japan and in California are an important factor. The injury to Japan lies in the imputed inferiority inferred in discrimination rather than in injustice of the action inself.

"While we have no fear of a declaration of war and are certain that neither nation contemplates such action, the best sentiment deprecates the development of a hostile spirit detrimental alike to prosperity and the interests of both nations."

MELLEN TELLS OF CONTRIBUTION

President of New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Explains Figures.

Boston, May 2.—President Mellen of the New Haven Railroad appearing in his own defense before the Interstate Commerce Commission today, gave an unexpected explanation of some of the figures in the New Haven's books.

According to the government expert accountant, David E. Brown, there appeared an apparent profit of $102,000, made by Mr. Mellen personally by trading in the stock of the railroad company.

The first thing that Mr. Mellen said when he took the stand was that the money in question had been used in political contributions in 1904.

Fifty thousand dollars went to the Republican national campaign fund he said, and other amounts to aid Republican state campaigns in New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

"Because I was president of the New Haven Company, I had been constrained to make these disbursements out of my private funds, which, as a private individual I never would have made.

"On the closing up of the sale of these stocks, it appearing that an unexpected profit had been realized, my directors, who had been cognizant of my contributions for these purposes, thought proper to make me this allowance.

"All the transactions were fully explained to the auditing committee and were satisfactory to them as expenditures in furtherance of the company's interest and protection of its proprtry."

BEING AN ESKIMO NOT SO BAD

The People of the Far North Never Suffer From Indigestion.

We hear much of American dyspepsia but there is one native race of America that is certainly not troubled in this respect. The Eskimo defies all the laws of hygiene and he thrives. He eats until he is satisfied, but is said never to be satisfied while a shred of his feast remains unconsumed. His capacity is limited by the supply and by that only.

The Eskimo cannot make any mistake about the manner of cooking his food, since, as a rule, he does not cook it. Nor, so far as the blubber or fat of the arctic animal is concerned, is the Eskimo concerned about his manner of eating it. Indeed, he may be said not to eat at all. He cuts it into long strips an inch wide and an inch thick and then lowers the strip down his throat as one might lower a rope into a well.

Despite all this, the Eskimo does not suffer from indigestion. He can make a good meal off the flesh and skin of the walrus, provision so hard and gritty that in cutting up the animal the knife must be continually sharpened.

The teeth of a little Eskimo child will, it is said by those in a position to know, meet in a bit of walrus skin as the teeth of an American child would meet in the flesh of an apple, although the hide of the walrus is from half an inch to an inch in thickness and bears considerable resemblance to the hide of an elephant. The Eskimon child will bite and digest it and never know what dyspepsia means.

PHILIP STEELE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

cinth letter—would say if they could see him and his environment just at the present moment. In a slow, chuckling survey he took in the heavy German socks which he had hung to dry close to the fire; his worn shoe-packs, shining in a thick coat of caribou grease, and his single suit of steaming underwear that he had washed after supper, and which hung suspended from the ceiling, looking for all the world, in the half dusk of the cabin, like a very thin and headless man. In this gloom, indeed, but one thing shone out white and distinct—the skull on the little shelf above the fire. As his eyes rested on it, Steele's lips tightened and his face grew dark. With a sudden movement he reached up and took it in his hands, holding it for a moment so that the light from the fire flashed full upon it. In the left side, on a line with the eyeless socket and above the ear, was a hole as large as a small egg.

"So I'm ordered up to join Nome, the man who did this, eh?" he muttered, fingering the ragged edge. "I could kill him for what happened down there at Nelson House, M'sieur Janette. Some day—I may."

He balanced the skull on his finger tips, level with his chin.

"Nice sort of a chap for a Hamlet, I am," he went on, whimsically. "I believe I'll chuck you into the fire, M'sieur Janette. You're getting on my nerves."

He stopped suddenly and lowered the skull to the table.

"No, I won't burn you," he continued. "I've brought you this far and I'll pack you to Lac Bain with me. Some morning I'll give you to Bucky Nome for breakfast. And then, M'sieur—then we shall see what we shall see."

Later that night he wrote a few words on a slip of paper and tacked the paper to the inside of his door. To any who might follow in his footsteps it conveyed this information and advice:

NOTICE!

This cabin and what's in it are quasheed by me. Fill your gizzard but not your pockets.

STEELE, Northwest Mounted.

CHAPTER II.

Face Out of the Night.

Steele came up to the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Lac Bain on the seventh day after the big storm, and Breed, the factor, confided two important bits of information to him while he was thawing out before the big box-stove in the company's deserted and supply-stripped store. The first was that a certain Colonel Becker and wife had left Fort Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, to make a visit at Lac Bain; the second, that Buck Nome had gone westward a week before and had not returned. Breed was worried, not over Nome's prolonged absence, but over the anticipated arrival of the other two. According to the letter which had come to him from the Churchill factor, Colonel Becker and his wife had come over on the last supply ship from London, and the colonel was a high official in the company's service. Also, he was an old gentleman. Ostensibly he had no business at Lac Bain, but was merely on a vacation, and wished to see a bit of real life in the wilderness.

Breed's grizzled face was miserable.

"Why don't they send 'em down to York Factory or Nelson House?" he demanded of Steele. "They've got duck feathers, three women, and a civilized factor at the Nelson, and there ain't any of 'em here—not even a woman!"

Steele shrugged his shoulders as Breed mentioned the three women at Nelson.

"There are only two women there now," he replied. "Since a certain Bucky Nome passed that way, one of them has gone into the South."

"Well, two, then," said Breed, who had not caught the flash of fire in the other's eyes. "But I tell you there ain't a one here, Steele, not even an Indian—and that dirty Cree, Jack, is doing the cooking. Blessed Saints, I caught him mixing biscuit dough in the wash basin the other day, and I've been eating those biscuits ever since our people went out to their trap-lines! There's you, and Nome, two Crees, a 'half' and myself—and that's every soul there'll be at Lac Bain until the mid-winter run of fur. Now, what in heaven's name is the poor old Mrs. Colonel going to do?"

"Got a bed for her?"

"A bunk—hard as nails!"

"Good grub?"

"Rotten!" groaned the factor. "Every trapper's son of them took out big supplies this fall and we're stripped. Beans, flour, sugar'n' prunes—and caribou until I feel like turning inside out every time I smell it. I'd give a month's commission for a pound of pork. Look here! If this letter ain't 'quality' you can cut me into jiggers. Bet the Mrs. Colonel wrote it for her hubby."

From an inside pocket Breed drew forth a square white envelope with a broken seal of red wax, and from it extracted a folded sheet of cream-tinted paper. Scarcely had Steele taken the note in his hands when a quick thrill passed through him. Before he had read the first line he was conscious again of that haunting sweetness in the air he breathed—the perfume of hyacinth. There was not only this perfume, but the same paper, the same delicately pretty writing paper, the same delicately pretty writing of the letter he had burned more than a week before. He made no effort to suppress the exclamation of astonishment that broke from his lips. Breed was staring at him when he lifted his eyes.

"This is a mighty strange coincidence, Breed," he said, regaining his composure. "I could almost swear that I know this writing, and yet of course such a thing is impossible. Still, it's mighty queer. Will you let me keep the letter until tonight? I'd like to take it over to the cabin and compare it—"

"Needn't return it at all," interrupted the factor. "Hope you find something interesting to tell me at supper—five sharp. It will be a blessing if you know 'em."

Ten minutes later Steele was in the little cabin which he and Nome occupied while at Lac Bain. Jack, the Cree, had built a rousing fire in the long sheet-iron stove, and as Steele opened its furnace-like door, a flood of light poured out into the gathering gloom of early evening. Drawing a chair full into the light, he again opened the letter. Line for line and word for word he scrutinized the writing, and with each breath that he drew he found himself more deeply thrilled by a curious mental excitement which it was impossible for him to explain. According to the letter, Colonel and Mrs. Becker had arrived at Churchill aboard the London ship a little over a month previously. He remembered that the date on the letter from the girl was six weeks old. At the time it was written, Colonel Becker and his wife were either in London or Liverpool, or crossing the Atlantic. No matter how similar the two letters appeared to him, he realized that, under the circumstances, the same person could not have written them both. For many minutes he sat back in his chair, with his eyes half-closed, absorbing the comforting heat of the fire. Again the old vision returned to him. In a subconscious sort of way he found himself fighting against it, as he had struggled a score of times to throw off its presence, since the girl's letter had come to him. And this time, as before, his effort was futile. He saw her again—and always as on that night of the Hawkins' ball, eyes and lips smiling at him, the light shining gloriously in the deep red gold of her hair.

With an effort Steele aroused himself and looked at his watch. It was a quarter of five. He stooped to close the stove door, and stopped suddenly his hand reaching out, head and shoulders hunched over. Across his knee, shining in the firelight, like a thread of spun gold, lay a single filament of a woman's hair.

He rose slowly, holding the hair between him and the light. His fingers trembled, his breath came quickly. The hair had fallen upon his knee from the letter—or the envelope, and it was wonderfully like her hair!

From the direction of the factor's quarters came the deep bellowing of Breed's moose-horn, calling him to supper. Before he responded to it, Steele wound the silken thread of gold about his finger, then placed it carefully among the papers and cards which he carried in his leather wallet. His face was flushed when he joined the factor. Not since the night at the Hawkins' ball, when he had felt the touch of a beautiful woman's hands, the warmth of her breath, the soft sweep of her hair against his lips as he had leaned over her in his half-surrender, had thought of woman stirred him as he felt himself stirred now. He was glad that Breed was too much absorbed in his own troubles to observe any possible change in himself or to ask questions about the letter.

"I tell you, it may mean the short birch for me, Steele," said the factor gloomily. "Lac Bain is just now the emptiest, most fallen-to-pieces, unbusiness-like post between the Athabasca and the Bay. We've had two bad seasons running, and everything has gone wrong. Colonel Becker is a big one with the company. Ain't no doubt about that, and ten to one he'll think it's a new man that's wanted here."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Steele. A sudden flash shot into his face as he looked hard at Breed. "See here, how would you like to have me go out to meet them?" he asked. "Sort of a welcoming committee of one, you know. Before they got here I could casually give 'em to understand what Lac Bain has been up against during the last two seasons."

Breed's face brightened in an instant.

"That might save us, Steele. Will you do it?"

"With pleasure."

Philip was conscious of an increasing warmth in his face as he bent over his plate. "You're sure—they're elderly people?" he asked.

"That is what MacVeigh wrote me from Churchill; at least he said the colonel was an old man."

"And his wife?"

"Has got her nerve," growled Breed irreverently. "It wouldn't be so bad if it was only the colonel. But an old woman—ugh! What he doesn't think of she'll remind him of, you can depend on that."

Steele thought of his mother, who looked at things through a magnifying lorgnette, and laughed a little cheerlessly.

"I'll go out and meet them, anyway," he comforted. "Have Jack fix me up for the hike in the morning, Breed. I'll start after breakfast."

He was glad when supper was over and he was back in his own cabin smoking his pipe. It was almost with a feeling of shame that he took the golden hair from his wallet and held it once more so that it shone before his eyes in the firelight.

"You're crazy, Phil Steele," he assured himself. "You're an unalloyed idiot. What the deuce has Colonel Becker's wife got to do with you—even if she has golden hair and uses cream-tinted paper soaked in hyacinth? Confound it—there!" and he released the shining hair from his fingers so that the air currents sent it floating back into the deeper gloom of the cabin.

It was midnight before he went to bed. He was up with the first cold gray of dawn. All that day he strode steadily eastward on snowshoes, over the company's trail to the bay. Two hours before dusk he put his light tent, gathered balsam for a bed, and built a fire of dry spruce against the face of a huge rock in front of his shelter. It was still light when he wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down on the balsam, with his feet stretched out to the reflected heat of the big rock. It seemed to Steele that there was an unnatural stillness in the air, as the night thickened beyond the rim of firelight, and, as the gloom grew still deeper, blotting out his vision in inky blackness, there crept over him slowly a feeling of loneliness. It was a new sensation to Steele, and he shivered as he sat up and faced the fire. It was this same quiet, this same unending mystery of voiceless desolution that had won him to the north. Until tonight he had loved it. But now there was something oppressive about it, something that made him strain his eyes to see beyond the rock and the fire, and set his ears in tense listening for sounds which did not exist. He knew that in this hour he was longing for companionship—not that of Breed, nor of men with whom he hunted men, but of men and women whom he had once known and in whose lives he had played a part—ages ago, it seemed to him. He knew, as he sat with clenched hands and staring eyes, that chiefly he was longing for a woman—a woman whose eyes and lips and sunny hair haunted him after months of forgetfulness, and whose face smiled at him luringly, now, from out the leaping flashes of fire—tempting him, calling him over a thousand miles of space. And if he yielded—

The thought sent his nails biting into the flesh of his palms and he sank back with a curse that held more of misery than blasphemy. Physical exhaustion rather than desire for sleep closed his eyes, at last, in half-slumber, and after that the face seemed nearer and more real to him, until it was close at his side, and was speaking to him. He heard again the soft, rippling laugh, girlishly sweet, that had fascinated him at Hawkins' ball; he heard the distant hum and chatter of other voices, and then one loud and close—that of Chesbro, who had unwititingly interrupted them, and saved him, just in the nick of time.

Steele moved restlessly; after a moment wriggled to his elbow and looked toward the fire. He semed to hear Chesbro's voice again as he awoke, and a thrill as keen as an electric shock set his nerves tingling when he heard once more the laughing voice of his dream, hushed and low. In amazement he sat bolt upright and stared. Was he still dreaming? The fire was burning brightly and he was aware that he had scarce fallen into sleep.

A movement — a sound of feet crunching softly in the snow, and a figure came between him and the fire.

It was a woman.

He choked back the cry that rose to his lips and sat motionless and without sound. The figure approached a step nearer, peering into the deep gloom of the tent. He caught the silver glint in the firelight on heavy fur, the whiteness of a hand touching lightly the flap of his tent, and then for an instant he saw a face. In that instant he sat as rigid as if he had stopped the beat of his own life. A pair of dark eyes laughing at him, a flash of laughing teeth, a low titter that was scarce more than a rippling throat-note, and the face was gone, leaving him still staring into the blank space where it had been.

With a cough to give warning of his wakefulness, Steele flung off his blanket and drew himself through the low opening of the tent. On the extreme right of the fire stood a man and woman, warming themselves over the coals. They straightened from their leaning posture as he appeared.

"This is too bad, too bad, Mr. Steele," exclaimed the man, advancing quickly. "I was afraid we'd make a blunder and awaken you. We were about to camp on a mountain back there when we saw your fire and drove on to it. I'm sorry—"

"Wouldn't have had you miss me for anything," interrupted Steele, gripping the other's proffered hand. "You see, I'm out from Lac Bain to meet Colonel and Mrs. Becker, and—" He hesitated purposely, his white teeth gleaming in the frank smile which made people like him immensely, from the first.

"You've met them," completed the laughing voice from across the fire. "Please, Mr. Steele, will you forgive me for looking in at you and waking you up? But your feet looked so terribly funny, and I assure you that was all I could see, though I tried awfully hard. Anyway, I saw your name printed on the flap of your tent."

Steele felt a slow fire burning in his cheeks as he encountered the beautiful eyes glowing at him from behind the colonel. The woman was smiling at him. In the heat of the fire she had pushed back her fur turban, and he saw that her hair was the same shining red gold that had come to him in the letter, and that her lips and eyes and the glorious color in her face were remarkably like those of which he had dreamed, and of which waking visions had come with the hyacinch letter to fill him him with unrest and homesickness. In spite of himself he had reasoned that she would be young and that she would have golden hair, but these other things, the laughing beauty of her face, the luring depth of her eyes.

He caught himself staring.

"I—I was dreaming," he almost stammered. He pulled himself together quickly. "I was dreaming of a face, Mrs. Becker. It seems strange that this should happen—away up here, in this way. The face that I dreamed of is a thousand miles from here, and it is wonderfully like yours."

The colonel was laughing at him when he turned. He was a little man, as straight as a gun rod, pale of face except for his nose, which was nipped red by the cold, and with a pointed beard as white as the snow under his feet. That part of his countenance which exposed itself above the top of his great fur coat and below his thick beaver cap was alive with good cheer, notwithstanding his pallor.

"Glad you're good humored about it, Steele," he cried with an immediate tone of comradeship. "We wouldn't have ventured into your camp if it hadn't been for Isobel. She was positively insistent, sir. Wanted to see who was here and what it looked like. Eh Isobel my dear are you satisfied?"

"I surely didn't expect to find 'It' asleep at this time of the day" said Mrs. Becker. She laughed straight into Philip's face and so roguishly sweet was the curve of her red lips and the light in her eyes that his heart quickened its beating and the flush deepened in his cheeks.

"It's only six" he said looking at his watch. "I don't usually turn in this early. I was tired tonight—though I am not now" he added quickly. "I could sit up until morning—and talk. We don't often meet people from outside you know. Where are the others?"

"Back there" said the colonel waving an arm into the gloom. "Isobel made 'em, sit down and be quiet, dogs and all, sir, while we came on alone. There are Indians two sledges, and a ton of duff."

"Call them," said Steele. "There's room for your tent beside mine, Colonel, close against the face of this rock. It's as good as a furnace."

The colonel moved a little out into the gloom and shouted to those behind. Philip turned to find Mrs. Becker looking at him in a timid, questioning sort of way, the laughter gone from her eyes. For a moment she seemed to be on the point of speaking to him, then picked up a short stick and began toying with the coals.

"You must be tired, Mrs. Becker," he said. "Now that you are near a fire, I would suggest that you throw off your heavy coat. You will be more comfortable, and I will bring you a blanket to sit on."

He dived into his tent and a moment later reappeared with a blanket, which he spread close against the butt of a big spruce within half a dozen feet of the fire. When he turned toward her, the colonel's wife had thrown off her coat and turbin and stood before him, a slim and girlish figure, bewitchingly pretty as she smiled her gratitude and nestled down into the place he had prepared for her. For a moment he bent over her, tucking the thick fur about her feet and knees, and in that moment he breathed from the heavy coils of her shining hair the flower-like sweetness which had already stirred him to the depths of his soul.

Colonel Becker was smiling down upon them when he straightened up, and at the humorous twinkle in his eyes, as he gazed from one to the other Steele felt that the guilt of his own thoughts was blazing in his face. He was glad that the Indians came up with the sledges just at this moment, and as he went back to help them with the dogs and packs he swore softly at himself for the heat that was in his blood and the strange madness that was firing his brain. And niwardly he cursed himself still more when he returned to the fire. From out the deep gloom he saw the colonel sitting with his back against the spruce and Mrs. Becker nestling against him, her head resting upon his shoulder, talking and laughing up into his face. Even as he hesitated for an instant, scarce daring to break upon the scene, he saw her pull the gray-bearded face down to hers and kiss it, and in the ineffable contentment and happiness shining in the two faces in the firelight Philip Steele knew that he was looking upon that which had broken for ever the haunting image of another woman in his heart. In its place would remain this picture of love—love as he had dreamed of it, as he had hoped for it, and which he had found at last—but not for himself—in the heart of a wilderness.

He saw now something childishly sweet and pure in the face that smiled welcome to him as he came noisily through the snow-crust; and something, too, in the colonel's face, which reached out and gripped at his very heartstrings, and filled him with a warm glow that was new and strange to him, and which was almost the happiness of these two. It swept from him the sense of loneliness which had oppressed him a short time before, and when at last, after they had talked for a long time beside the fire, the colonel's wife lifted her pretty head drowsily and asked if she might go to bed, he laughed in sheer joy at the pouting tenderness with which she rubbed her pink cheek against the grizzled face above her, and at the gentle light in the colonel's eyes as he half carried her into the tent.

For a long time after he had rolled himself in his own blanket Philip lay awake, wondering at the strangeness of this thing that had happened to him. It was Her hair that he had seen shining this night under the old spruce, lustrous and soft, and coiled in its simple glory, as he had seen it last on the night when Chesbro had broken in on them at the ball. It was very easy for him to imagine that it had been Her face, with soul and heart and love added to its beauty. More than ever he knew what had been missing for him now, and blessed Chesbro for his blundering, and fell asleep to dream of the new face, and to awaken hours later to the unpleasant realization that his visions were but dream fabric after all, and that the woman was the wife of Colonel Becker.

(To Be Continued.)

Big Date Crop for Us.

A date growing industry worth $60,000,000 a year will be established in southwestern United States as the result of experimental work by the agricultural department, according to statements to the house committee on expenditures in the agricultural department by Dr. S. T. Galloway, chief of the bureau of plant industry.

STEM WIND & SET

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE

SELLING NEEDLE BOOKS

We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 Needle Books at 10c. Each book contains 5 packs large-eyed silver steel needles and 15 darning, wool, carpet and button needles. Order 20 books, and when sold, send us $2.00, and we will positively send the Watch, Chain and Ring. WILLARD WATCH CO. Dept. 580 CHICAGO

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1913.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO..........Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE..............Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Opportunities

Opportunities do not grow on bushes, to be picked when the seeker is ready to gather them in. They come and go, without waiting for the sluggard who insists upon biding his time. Watch for the opportunities that present themselves through The Blade's advertising columns and grasp them before they get away.

173 NAMES WIN

The premium watch award for the month of April goes to a Pennsylvania gentleman, who sends a list of 173 subscribers.

We find that our 1912 model fly swatter answers the purpose.

Every married man ought to live next door to a model husband.

Not a great deal is heard of the United States supreme court except when it adjourns.

One objection to a war with Japan would be the great length of time it would take to get it started.

It must require great self-restraint for Englishmen to keep from turning the hose on the rampant suffragettes.

A New Jersey man claims that he has discovered perpetual motion, but the authorities have taken no action yet.

One can't help feeling more or less sympathy for the donkey that is being led across the country to pay an election bet.

We have heard men wish for $5,000, when they might as well have made it $10,000. Some people have no ambition.

"Good husbands like good children, must be trained from the very start," says Ruth Cameron. It's the same with bull pups.

There must be a lot of mean men in Kalamazoo. One woman of that town is making application for her seventh divorce.

Let those who wish talk about race suicide, but the production and manufacture of new designs in go-carts goes merrily on.

If you want all your relatives to come and visit you all you have to do is to be elected President and live in the White House.

As a peacemaker Mr. Bryan seems destined to have a busy summer. He won't find much time to work in the garden.

There are so many laws the average man doesn't know when he is liable to violate one through ignorance. The only way is to be decent.

General Rosalie Jones is going to do more marching during the coming summer, but not, so far as known in the direction of the marriage altar.

A California lecturer says every minister ought to eat at least two apples a day and plenty of cabbage. He didn't say how much cabbage is a plenty.

The man who slapped the congressman says that he did it in the heat of passion. It is always well to count a hundred before slapping a congressman.

A Colorado judge has ruled that a wife should tell her husband all she knows. He certainly can't mean that she should tell all she hears.

Mr. Marshall says the newspapers give him too much publicity. He is the first vice president in history to make a complaint of that kind.

Here is a bit of advice for those who need it from Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "Work and marry early." If you are already married cross out the words "and marry early."

"The stomach of a shark caught near Havana was found to contain seven gold hairpins, two silver garter buckles and a tortoise shell comb." Not enough for identification purposes.

Nearly every paper in the country has published the statement that there are three hundred and sixty-four lawyers in congress. Some printed it as news and others as a criticism of the biggest legislative body in the country.

"An Illinois farmer was killed by his new automobile on an improved road while going 50 miles an hour." But then, farmers have been killed on unimproved roads by runaway horses. Let the world move on.

WHY GOVERNMENT COMES HIGH.

The National City Bank of New York City has sent out a circular in which it analyzes the costs of running the government.

It recites the fact that for the first seventy years the government was conducted for about $2 per inhabitant. But in the last few years have come enormous extensions of governmental service, the establishment of thousands of new postoffices and the building up of an elaborate rural mail delivery, the founding of departments for the guidance of agriculture, the protection of forests, the digging of a great interocean canal and the deepening of harbors and rivers and scores of ventures with other governmental activities. These the National City Bank considers legitimate and justifying an increased charge per inhabitant.

But the circular criticizes the methods by which the government is conducted. It says "it lacks system in financial transactions." It has mortgaged the future to the extent of $170,000,000 "with no sign of provision for revenues to meet the appropriations which coming congresses must make to fulfill the engagements." This is not, says the circular, mere "careless, happy-go-lucky method. It is an utter absence of method."

The government is, of course, wasteful and unsystematic. But the blame should not all fall on those who have been in the government service. It rests in large part upon the citizens who have abhorred politics, have had nothing to do with it except to criticize it, and who yet by natural talent and training could take the wastefulness out of the government service. The men of this type speak now through the circular the National City Bank has issued. Perhaps we can take the document as a sign that they are breaking away from their attitude of aloofness.

THE MERCY OF YEARS.

Time dims the tablets of the memory. It smothers and hides away inconsistencies. And no one upon the face of this whirling globe should be so thankful for that as the sturdy-lunged little orators who have been making the national capitol chandeliers tremble alarmingly in the midst of the denunciation of the awfulness of the present high prices.

If one but follows the trail of recollection back to the whooping campaign of 1896, one will hear again these same little orators telling the multitudes how heinous it was that prices should be so low, what vats of misery were in store for the country when the gold standard should go into effect and prices go lower and lower until every farmer's corn would be worth just the trouble to burn it in the cookstove and every man's labor a shade or two less than the value of peanuts.

Prices have climbed steadily since 1896. They have climbed so far that the little orators have swung completely around in their moccasins and now condemn what they had promised as a beneficence in case the electorate would please elect them to office.

To the man who has noted the differences between the prophecies of 1896 and things as they fell out, it is clear that prices are not matters of political manipulation. He can see that they are regulated by factors unrelated to the shifting of parties and the puttering at statecraft. But it is no part of the duties of our gusty little orators to see. It is enough that they keep the hinges of the jaws well oiled.

ON THE WRONG TACK.

"There's nothing in the express business for us," has been one of the commonplace assertions of the railroad man in his more pessimistic—or deceptive—hours. A considerable tonnage of circulars and pamphlets has been distributed among the newspaper offices in the last year or two showing that the railroads make no profit worth the mentioning by carrying the mails. The other day, the president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad declared in the witness chair that his company suffered an annual loss of $407,000 through its contract with the Pullman company.

Congresses and legislatures turn out laws nearly every year which have for their aim the curbing and regulation and general restriction of the power of the transportation corporations. It must all be a mistake. What the railroads need most is a set of trustees or guardians, capable of protecting them from cold-blooded contract makers.

LAYING FOR THE INCOME TAX.

There is a provision of the constitution which directs that "all duties, imports and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

Lawyers employed for the purpose of making the income tax amendment of the constitution inoperative, if the thing is possible, have raised these questions:

Is a tax uniform which affects persons with incomes in excess of $4,000 a year and exempts persons with incomes under $4,000?

Is a tax uniform which causes a citizen to pay 1 per cent on his income between $4,000 to $20,000, another citizen to pay 2 per cent on his income of $20,000 to $50,000 and a third citizen to pay 3 per cent on an income between $50,000 and $100,000?

The several state legislatures, representing the will of their peoples, approved the proposed income tax amendment in the faith that it would reach only persons either rich or in comfortable circumstances. From the discussion in press, upon the political platform and in the halls of the legislatures, the state assemblymen were quite aware that if an income tax were levied it was to be graduated so that the more wealth a man possessed, the more power and luxury and comfort, the more he should remunerate the government under which he is enabled to amass wealth and feel secure in its possession.

We cannot believe that the supreme court of the United States will permit a constitutional provision, probably intended to guard against one state gaining advantages over another in the matter of federal taxation, to offset the will of the people in the application of the income tax. The desires of the people are clear in the case. Flaunting them will be a wise thing to do neither for the supreme court nor for those who are to attempt to nullify the income tax amendment.

AGAINST THE CROWDED CAMPUS

Colleges and universities with a large student body have been proud of it. They have measured themselves beside rival institutions by the popularity indicated in the number of students upon the registration books. They have sought for students. They have advertised for them, considering the travels of glee clubs, the publicity of athletic contests and the queer theories of some of the members of the faculties as magnets with which to attract young men and women and swell the enrollment lists.

It is interesting, then, to note that Oberlin University is adopting quite another attitude. At present there are 1,001 students in the college of arts and sciences and about 700 in other departments or divisions. The plans for the next five years call for a limitation in the enrollment to somewhere close to 1,000.

Only the university with unlimited means can provide adequately for an unlimited number of students. It is a notorious fact that, in spite of the princely endowments and the enormous incomes of some of the educational institutions of the country, they are all hard up. They are always calling upon their friends for more money, always holding out bait for the captains who have the money to give. It would seem as if Oberlin had decided that it were better to boast a fair schooling for and a watchful interest in every student than to boast a crowded campus.

THE GOSPEL OF VERMONT.

The state of Vermont, like Ohio, has been distressed by a marked decrease in the population of the rural districts though entitled to boast an increase in the total population. Cities have been growing, but partly at the expense of the country. The urban population is now 4 per cent greater than that upon the farms and in the farming villages.

To correct this false ratio of town to country, Vermont has undertaken to get people back to the soil. The educational department has followed the lead of some of the western states and caused the addition of agricultural instruction to the school curriculum. The agricultural department has encouraged the establishment of farmers' organizations, promoted village boards of trade, shown the way to founding of co-operative creameries, tested fertilizers and sent forth information about seeds, all with reference to booming a movement to the farm as well as to improving the state's agricultural resources. The movement is spoken of as the "Gospel of Vermont."

Economic pressure has had little part in drawing the population away from the rural districts and into the cities. It has been a matter of attraction, the cities offering interest, recreation, social life and a certain amount of freedom from responsibility. With the exception, perhaps, of this last advantage, the country could be made as desirable a place to live in as the prettiest avenue of any city.

Unless some change in economic conditions should force it, the movement back to the country will come about through an approximation of rural life to town life.

THE BALKAN ARTFUL DODGER.

There is a suspicion,, something more than a faint suspicion, that King Nicholas is playing the game of politics more adroitly than the powers who have entered into combination to skin him.

The Turks who surrendered to the Montenegrins at Scutari were fed, the officers pledged in wine, and the entire garrison permitted to march away to found a new kingship in Albania, muddling the plans of Austria and bringing a new factor into the Balkan affair for the powers to deal with.

Anger against King Nicholas is said to be so extreme in the foreign offices at Vienna and Berlin that the banishment of Nicholas from his own country may be forced as a punishment for his stubbornness and artful dodging. But he will not starve. He can set up a school of politics.

A BRITISH MONOPOLY.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's threat that "If New York fails to awake, we shall introduce militant methods of the type used in England," is, we very much dread, only a threat.

It doesn't seem possible that the American newspapers will have a chance to report, with fitting headlines, that Mrs. Catt has been caught in the attempt to bury the hatchet in Governor Sulzer's head, or that Dr. Shaw has gone upon a hunger strike after arrest and conviction for biting off the ear of Dr. Lyman Abbott, as her clinching argument in a suffrage debate. Window smashing would attract no end of attention in the United States, but who can imagine even the impatient and petulant Mrs. Belmont doing anything of the sort? To pour vitrol into letter boxes, to destroy public monuments, to set fire to railroad stations and to paint "votes for women" upon the church doors require something more than courage. They call for a certain kind of hysteria, a conviction of having suffered unutterable wrong and, of course, an innate taste for mischief. A mental review of the suffrage leaders in America leads us reluctantly to the conclusion that the qualifications of millitancy do not exist on this side of the Atlantic.

Equal suffrage doctrine of the pyrotechnic kind is an English monopoly. It is a form of sport we must enjoy at long distance.

FIND THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

From the Democrat in the house of representatives who is defending the general principle that the Democratic party can do no wrong, we learn that the Underwood tariff bill:

"Will do away with all oppression, cure all economic ills, bring about a more equable distribution of wealth, bring business to its toes with eagerness to show the superiority of American methods and material to all things foreign, have no influence in reducing wages while yet reducing the costs of living, satisfying the revenue needs of the government and making every honest citizen boil over with thankfulness for the day the Democratic party came into power."

From the pessimistic gentlemen who were concerned in getting the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill through congress and the White House, we learn that the Underwood tariff bill:

"Will beggar the country, ruin industry beyond recovery, flood the land with foreign products, fill the bankruptcy courts and the poorhouses, crowd the streets with the unemployed, cause the establishment of soup kitchens upon every corner, reduce Uncle Sam to the position of a panhandler and make every citizen itch with impatience to get to the polls and recall the vicious theorists who are responsible for the measure."

Somewhere between these extremists is truth. If the "common sense of most" can prevail at Washington we shall have a tariff which will neither ruin nor oppress, which will neither pauperize nor exploit.

AERONAUTICS GETTING ON.

There was a little happy period at the beginning of aerial navigation when newspapers, trade associations and sporting clubs could offer all sorts of achievements and never feel very much worried over having to surrender them.

There are no half-million dollar accumulations of purses any more. There have been few prizes in the last two or three years which exceed $10,000 in value, indication that the posting of a prize is pretty fair notice that the prize is going to be lifted. Many may try for it and many may fail, but of the contestants there is usually one who manages to win through and to put in his claim for the rewards.

It seems only a short time since an aviator negotiated the English channel for the first time in the history of flying. It appeared a wonderful and very dramatic affair and was made much of in the news dispatches of the time. Yet so far as distance is concerned, that Channel flight was a mere infantile adventuring between chairs as compared with the achievement of Ernest F. Guillaux, a Frenchman, who drove his machine nearly a thousand miles between sunrise and sunset the other day and pocketed the fattest trophy in Europe. Aeroplaning has reached the stage where it is safer to bet upon a thing being done than upon its failing.

FROG FARMING.

Uncle Sam has looked into the matter of fox farming and has found it worth anyone's while if the conditions are right and the rules are followed. He has sent an expedition over to China to see about the possibilities of growing those giant persimmons, native to that country, for the American market. He has classified the bugs and beetles so that any intelligent farmer can tell which are harmful to crops and which are beneficial. It stood to reason, then, that some day Uncle Sam would get around to the subject of frogs. And so he has.

Frogs, as every boy who has wading experience knows, lay an unaccountable number of eggs. But only a small part of these eggs are permitted in nature to get as far as the hatching stage. Tadpoles, too, have their enemies, and out of an egg mass which under normal conditions would have brought thousands of frogs to the frying stage, only a few frogs actually mature. It is in hopes of lowering the death rate of developing frogs by several hundred per cent that the government fisheries bureau is carrying on experiments in a North Carolina marsh.

If there is such a thing as artificial propagation of frogs, the facts about it ought to be made known. There are thousands of acres of swamps and bogs and ponds in the United States which produce not a cent of revenue though they are credited with breeding mosquitoes and malaria. With frogs to feed on mosquito larva, carriers of malaria germs, diease would decrease, and with frogs to catch and market, incomes would increase. Frog-farming, if it is practical, ought to take well.

If the average minister could make the people shell out like Billy Sunday does, young men would be rushing headlong into the ministry.

There are said to be about one million microbes on the foot of a housefly. Of course they are very small microbes.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FROM DUNGEON TO THRONE

International Sunday School Lesson for May 11 Is, "Joseph Made Ruler of Egypt." Gen. 41:1-45.

By William T. Ellis.

A group of Boston literary men once debated as to which is the most perfect short story in all the world's literature, and they voted unanimously for the Bible's narrative of Joseph's experiences. The tale is alike dear to childhood and to the mature man of affairs. It has lessons for life and withal an inherent charm. There is nothing more romantic in literature than the period of his biography studied in this present lesson which shows Joseph suddenly lifted out of prison to the first place in the empire of Egypt.

"Such things happen only in books," remarks the skeptic. Far from it. Within the year the world has seen Yuan Shih Kai, the exiled, disgraced Chinese statesman, recalled from seclusion and put at the head of the oldest and largest nation in the world, while his royal enemies themselves go into exile and obscurity. Two years ago Dr. Sun Yat Sen was a man with a price on his head, who did not dare touch foot on Chinese soil. Yet the world acclaims him as the leader of the revolution which made China a republic, and he was the first of Chinese presidents. Nazim Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, who was assassinated a few weeks ago, had been until the revolution, an exile and a victim of Abdul Hamid's vengeance. Nor are incidents of this sort confined to Asia. I myself have a luncheon engagement tomorrow with a friend who, when I last heard from him, was in the depths of adversity; now he wants to talk over what to do with his new fortune. Joseph's story is being repeated every day.

When a Man Is "Down and Out."

The proving of a man comes when all the props are removed from under him. There are a myriad nonenities who would scarcely earn day laborers' wages in open market, who yet easily fill the role of rich and aristocratic men. There is nothing to test their manhood. How they would fare if wealth and position were suddenly taken away would show their real character. Such was Joseph's plight. The position he had inherited in his own family had been taken from him by his murderous brothers; the second position to which he had won in Potopher's household by his own merit he had lost at the hands of a vengeful woman. Now he was in jail. As we saw last week, though, he found even a prison a large enough sphere in which to exercise his helpfulness. His interpretation of the dreams of Pharaoh's servants had not only proved his capacity, but had given him a glimmering of hope of release. But the ungrateful butcher quickly forgot.

The two years in prison which followed for Joseph might easily have broken his spirit. It takes courage not to lose heart when all things go against one. It is easy for the prisoner to fall in character to the dungeon level. We scarcely would have blamed Joseph had he thought only of petty things and moped his days away, nursing thoughts of injustice and vengeance.

But Joseph was not that style of man. His growth in character, while still a prisoner, has left to the world a great message, namely that any circumstances are good soil for soul culture. Here is a test for the man who is out of work or laid aside by illness; how does he employ the leisure of which he now has so much? Does he study books and also get a new mastery of his own calling, and likewise acquaint himself with men and their diverse ways? Does he master topography of his own city, or does he sit idle on a park bench, or spend half his day in bed, or loaf about with companions, cursing his hard luck?

When Opportunity Came.

Opportunity usually does come for the fit man. Even if occasion pass him by, he still has that best reward of all, which is his own fitness and calibre of character. He becomes a big man whether he stands in a high place or a lowly. Woodraw Wilson as college president was as great a man as Woodrow Wilson the President of the United States, but it is only now that the whole world rings with his greatness.

Joseph's hour struck when Pharaoh's troublesome dreams could not be interpreted by the professional wise men.

In a land and a time when dreams were accorded a greater significance than now, Pharaoh and his entourage were troubled by his repeated dream of seven fat cows that came up from the River Nile, and were followed by seven lean cows which devoured the fat cows, and still remained lean themselves. A kindred dream was of seven heads of wheat, rich and good, followed by seven thin and blasted, which swallowed up the good heads. In pursuit of the interpretation, the young Hebrew, Joseph, was sent for. He, reverently disclaiming power for himself, and according all the honor for his ability to God, read the meaning of the message that had come to Pharaoh on his couch.

The symbols were of seven years of unusual prosperity, to be followed by seven years of dreadful famine. Egypt, along the Nile, is a fertile land. To this day it is the most expensive agricultural property in the world. The spectacle of its being blasted by drought was a fearful one for the people; for as Joseph said, "the famine shall consume the land."

Joseph was a shrewd and practical man, and along with the interpretation of the dream he put the suggestion that the seven plenteous years should, under the guidance of a man of wisdom, be made to lay up in store for the seven lean years. Of course this pointed to himself, and Pharaoh after consulting with his advisers, agreed to give the young Hebrew the entire charge of the administration of famine relief. He put in his hand the king's seal; and in the East to this day it is a person's seal and not his signature which is legally binding.

The Prisoner's Chance.

The day that had seemed so long in dawning had at last come for Joseph. "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou," Pharaoh said to him. His opportunity to rise was now before him. Could he prove himself fit? Vision is not always accompanied by executive ability. Two of the greatest religious organizations in America today owe their existence to the vision of two men, both of whom have proved unqualified to lead the movements to success. Ability to dream the dream must never be confounded with ability to do the deed. The really great man is possessed of both capacities. crisis was one of centralized control, of a tax upon prosperity, and a systematic storage of grain in specially prepared granaries all over the land. I have seen these great stores of grain in Egypt in the granaries belonging to the banks, for there a man deposits his actual crop as security for a loan. The storage of grain is an ancient procedure. A few years ago the natives found, in the mysterious rock citadel of Alfium Kara Hissar in Asia Minor, a store of barley which had been laid up in a secret chamber for centuries, and possibly for milleniums.

In Joseph's program lies a homily for all men to lay up in prosperity for the days of adversity. The fat years of strength should be the dependence of the lean years of weakness. Wasted youth is a sin against needy age. The prosperous business that is conducted conservatively is the one that weathers finacial panics. The people of this western world are only now waking up to the great truth of conservation of resources, natural and human.

Joseph in Egypt was a link in a chain of events which have given the world its Christian civilization. This great servant of the public—and it would be wholesome to meditate upon the high character and public spirit of many office holders in our own land and time—is often cited as an antetype of that other great Benefactor and Saviour who was descended from Joseph's father, a child of the race whom Joseph's providential exaltation gave shelter in Egypt.

(Following is the lesson that was unavoidably left out of last week's Blade:)

YOUNG MAN AWAY FROM HOME WHO KEPT HIS FLAG FLYING

International Sunday School Lesson for May 4 Is, "Joseph Interprets Dreams." Gen. 40.

By William T. Ellis.

"Kicked upstairs into the presidency," is the way certain New York politicians spoke of their efforts to get rid of Governor Roosevelt by making him Vice President of the United States. The road to the highest power usually lies through the valley of obscurity. Adversity has often been a route to prosperity. When Joseph, the favorite son of Jacob, was sent up to Egypt by his unnatural brothers, they were forwarding him to the best school of life, where he could be trained in Egyption civilization. That apparent disaster linked the Jews with Egypt and profoundly affected all the future history of the world. Every active life has had somewhat similar experiences, when good came out of apparent evil.

The story is one for our own times, for it paints in true colors the career of a young man away from home. This one kept his flag flying and never lost heart in the darkest hours. He was the victim of sore misfortune, but his spirit was never broken, and his soul was never conquered.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my fate.
I am the captain of my soul."

Worse than any particular hardships which this youth had to endure was the galling fact that he was a slave. His proud head had to bow beneath the yoke of servitude. He was sold as a chattel and treated as a bit of property. Nevertheless, his soul was not enslaved. He knew himself for an heir of freedom, a prince among men. After all,

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

The Officer in Overalls.

"The best way to get out of a disgraceful position," said Thomas Jefferson, "is to become conspicuously effective in it." The story of Joseph is a study in efficiency. He "made good" wherever he was put. He was a first-class man in an inferior place; therefore he either exalted the place or rose out of it. A meaner sort of man would have whimpered and wept and rebelled. Joseph respected himself, and therefore others came to respect him.

At the recent naval maneuvers and target practice at Hampton Roads, when several members of the cabinet accompanied Secretary of the Navy Daniels, the visitors were shown down into the engine room and fire room of the Wyoming. They saw a man in overalls, begrimed beyond recognition, who seemed to be directing the men. He conducted the party about this section of the ship, answered all questions, and made explanations so clearly that some visitor remarked, "That man must be some sort of a petty officer, he knows what he is talking about. What is his grade?" The eyes of their conductor twinkled as he replied, "If you had been attending the reception at the White House last week, you would have seen that man, resplendent in gold lace, acting as naval aid to the President of the United States." The incident illustrates this story of efficiency. True ability and dignity fills its own place well wherever duty may lie for the moment. Joseph as a slave and as a prisoner was as efficient a man as Joseph as an overseer of Egypt. He did with his might what he found to do. That way came promotion and emancipation. There are hundreds of second-rate housekeepers, clerks and workmen in the world who are sighing for a literary career, not knowing that by their very ineffectiveness in their present work they prove themselves unfit for larger work. As a motto on the nursery wall has it, "The boy who does little things well is fitting himself to do big things better."

When Woman Tempts Man.

The most dramatic incident of Joseph's career was his eperience with Potiphar's wife. We can wish the episode were not there, yet it is true to life. The idea is a startling one to a chivalrous youth that a woman can be a temptress and that a young man should be on his guard against her. That is contrary to all the teachings and ideas of his early training. Nevertheless, every young man must learn somehow or other that all women are not like his own mother.

Indeed, one is inclined to say, as he looks about city life at the present time, that perhaps never since Rome collapsed by the weight of its own immorality, has Potiphar's wife been so brazenly abroad in the land as at present. By the styles of dress that prevail, by the dances of the young people, by performances at the theatre, by much current literature, and by not a little of the loose talk of the time, woman's enticement to man's baser nature is manifest to an appalling extent. This is a phase of the woman question which is of profound concern to the world, for it certainly misrepresents the vast majority of womankind. Yet it is a problem that only woman can solve.

The Young Man's Refuge.

There is a discernible tendency abroad at present to take refuge in hygienic, economic and social reasons for personal purity. This is the teaching that one hears on every side. It should alarm the church, for these are no adequate defenses for the morality of society. The fact that various disabilities, physical, economic, industrial, social and legal, follow in the train of impurity, are quite insufficient to safeguard the race.

Joseph's way was better. His course was in consonance with the highest knowledge of our own time. A noble character inspired by highest ideals is the best armor against the besetments of sin. Joseph had first of all a high sense of personal honor. He would not offend against his employer, the husband of the temptress. That was one of the things that a man of standards cannot do. Again, he could not "do this great wickedness and sin against God." These loftiest ethical and religious considerations were his deliverance, and it is not too much to say that only along the same line may we expect to approach in our time the solution of the present problem of personal purity.

A Woman's Vengeance.

The path of virtue is not easy, although it ultimately leads to triumph. The good who are effective commonly win the enmity of the bad. Joseph's virtue was a worse affront to Potiphar's wife than any accusations he could have made against her. His virtue was the most stinging rebuke to her lack of virtue. Therefore, she sought vengeance and found it by falsely accusing Joseph of the sin which he had refused to commit. The result was that he was thrown into Pharaoh's prison.

An injustice? Of course it was. But that is nothing new. Injustice comes to all who lead forceful, independent lives. Strong men like Joseph waste no time in whimpering. They do not go about assailing the ears of their neighbors with their grievances. Accepting conditions as they are, they resolutely set about making them better. There is no spot so dark, no lot so lowly that the soul cannot grow; and the surest way out is in the words of the poem, "Keep sweet, and keep a-moving."

Dreams in Prison.

Even in prison, Joseph followed his life rule of simple helpfulness. There is nothing subtle or profound about his philosophy of conduct. He simply tried to do his best and to help everybody he could. He had high visions, it is true, and he had them wherever he was; nevertheless, these did not lift him above lowly service for his fellow man. He was a friend and helper of every life that he could by any means reach. Thus we find him the congenial associate of his fellow prisoners, the servants of Pharaoh.

There are some folk to whom we naturally turn in time of trouble. Joseph was one of these, as everybody in the prison quickly knew. When the butler and the baker turned to him with their dreams, he who had insight and reverence, unfolded the meaning of their visions. The credit for his skill he gave to God, yet he employed his gift for human service.

Joseph was a practical man, and he reminded the cup-bearer that, when he was released, he should mention Joseph's need to Pharaoh. Here again he met with ingratitude, but that did not turn his spirit sour. He knew how to "wait on the Lord," which is one of the great lessons of life for youth to learn. When we realize that, as the Italian proverb says, "God always pays, although He does not always pay on Saturday," we are entering into the secret of successful living.

The story ends with Joseph in prison, but is none the less Joseph the conqueror.

Philadelphia is soon to abolish all railway grade crossings.

San Francisco Portola fete is scheduled for October 22-25 this year.

Mrs. May Ammerman is now police magistrate in Coronado City, Colo.

A Poem Worth While

Two Pictures.

An old farmhouse with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day;
"O if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world had been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long:
"O, could I only tread once more
The field path to the farmhouse door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

—Annie D. Green.

Inside Cleopatra's Needle

London Tit-Bits.

HOW many of the thousands who daily pass Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames embankment know of the exceedingly miscellaneous collection of articles which was placed in the cavity in the base of the obelisk on its erection? The following is a complete list:

Standard foot and pound.

Bronze model of the obelisk, half-inch scale to the foot.

A fragment of the obelisk itself that was chipped from it in the process of leveling the base.

Jars of Doulton ware.

Complete set of British coinage, including an Empress of India rupee.

Standard gauge of 1000th part of an inch.

Baby's feeding bottle and children's toys.

Parchment copy of Dr. Birch's translation of the obelisk's hieroglyphics.

Portrait of Queen Victoria.

Bibles in French and English, the Hebrew Pentateuch, the Arabic Genesis and a translation into 215 languages of the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel.

A shilling razor.

Bradshaw's Railway Guide.

Case of cigars.

Some pipes.

Box of hairpins and sundry articles of feminine adornment.

A hydraulic jack, as used in raising the obelisk.

Specimens of wire rope and submarine cables.

Twenty-four maps of London.

Copies of daily and illustrated newspapers.

A two-foot rule.

A London directory.

A Whittaker's almanack.

And last, photographs of twelve beautiful English women of the day.

VARIETIES

There are 6,615,805 orange and 941,20 lemon trees in California.

In the polar regions there is one inhabitant to every 10 square miles.

Germany forbids the sale of hair dyes containing colors dangerous to health.

Greece has practically a world monopoly in the cultivation of currants.

Argentina is devoting 3,000,000 acres to the production of oats this year.

Arizona, by a new law, excludes aliens from public employment.

Germany's machine tool industry employes 80,000 men.

Booza is the name of a beer-like beverage made in Russia from millet. It has a pleasant taste.

A new air rifle can shoot 60 bullets with a single compression of air in its reservoir.

Experimental hops are now being raised at the government botanical station, near Pretoria.

Mexico last year received 54 per cent of her total imports from the United States.

The flood damage in the United States is estimated at about 100 million dollars annually.

Pivoted at three points instead of one, shears patented by a New Yorker are said to cut metal with half the usual effort.

An English church is still using a barrel organ that has been in constant service since the early part of the eighteenth century.

Denicotined cigars and cigarettes are made in Switzerland and France that are acceptable to smokers of the best flavored tobacco.

A motion picture theatre on wheels has been equipped by a number of railroads to teach fuel economy to engineers and firemen.

About 400,000 bicycles are still made every year in Great Britain. Two-thirds are used at home and the remainder exported to many countries.

A California vineyard is protected from grasshoppers by means of a big suction fan, which draws the pests into its clutches.

The opening of a new railroad has led to the dynamiting of one of Switzerland's most famous glaciers and the marketing of the ice.

A new French aeroplane engine has 14 cylinders, each with its own magneto and lubrication system, mounted around the shaft.

The volume of the automobile business and its allied accessories in this country will amount to three billion dollars during the present year.

Tasmania is the first state of the commonwealth of Australia to extend the principle of providing free medical treatment for school children.

It is estimated that an investment of $860,000,000 would be required to produce mechanically as much nitrogen as comes yearly from the nitrate deposits of Peru.

Tungsten filaments for commercial electric lamps are being made as small as eight ten-thousandths of an inch in diameter.

Mrs. Harvey Alexander, of Vancouver, Wash., owns a hen which recently laid a perfect egg weighing only fifteen grains, the smallest on record.

German statistics show that 1912 was Germany's banner twelvemonth in grain production, the harvests of wheat and rye exceeding those of any previous year.

The world's total exports, exclusive of the United States, are set down at $14,690,000,000. The amount shipped to this country is $1,352,000,000, or 9.2 per cent.

Automobiles sold abroad by Italy last year numbered 3,587, having an average value of nearly $2,000. Exports in 1911 and 1910 numbered 2,918 and 2,120, respectively.

Self-operating wireless equipment has been invented for marine stations along the coast of France to warn vessels in foggy weather by code signals, sent out automatically.

A peach-pitting machine perfected in California is expected to save much labor in handling that state's dried fruit. It is said to handle even the softest fruit without damage.

By washing good coal out of the culm banks in the Pennsylvania anthracite region more than 50 million tons of salable fuel have been obtained in the last twenty-two years.

Eminent English scientists have decided that the waters of Bath not only contain radium but give off radium emanations in as large quantities as any other radio-active waters in the world.

Artificial sponges, said to equal in usefulness the natural ones, are made by treating paper pulp with chloride of lime, adding common salt and drying and pressing it in machines to give it the desired forms.

Five hundred and twenty tons of water are required to produce one ton of dry oats, while 310 tons of water are needed for one ton of corn, and 453 tons of water for one ton of red clover.

From south Australia comes reports of splendid results from a new variety of wheat called Silver Bar. In 1910 it yielded thirty-six bushels to the acre, and the following year twenty-four.

Undoubtedly the longest lived animal is the whale, its span of existence being estimated by Cuvier at one thousand years. The next largest animal, the elephant, will under favorable conditions live for four hundred years.

Steel furniture is being used in China for the reason that it can not be harmed by the white ants and other destructive pests that eat their way into wood. Experiments show that the use of the metal cabinets keeps documents and books free from dampness.

The record for storage battery electric cars was broken when an experimental car on the Edison system was run from New York to Boston. It makes as high as 40 miles an hour and will run 120 miles without recharging the batteries.

Some good suggestion for making use of corncobs is desired. The corn crop of the United States in 1912 was 3,160,000,000 bushels, with an average of 14 pounds of cobs to each bushel, or more than twenty-two million tons of cobs.

Brazil has gone with great thoroughness into the business of instructing its people in agriculture. It has a superior school of agricultural and veterinary medicine, middle schools of agriculture, agricultural apprenticeship camps, model farms, breeding stations and meteorological stations.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

LOVE TO PARENTS

Are you honoring father and mother, and lovingly smoothing their sunset path?

They were farmer folks—you could see that; and they were getting ready to go home from their trip to the city. The team was hitched up, and it was a good one, too. Nice horses, well cared for and hitched to a good comfortable platform spring wagon.

But the thing which touched me to the heart, and made me warm up toward the young man, was the way he tucked in the little old lady who sat on the seat with him.

"Are you all right, now? Pull the robe up around you good! The wind blows pretty hard, and we've got to face it every step of the way home. Hope you won't take cold! Got the blanket up under your feet good?"

Then when everything was snug, he gave the word, and away the team went. All the time the old lady was chattering on in reply to the words of the young man. How happy her face looked! Mind the cold? Not a bit! Because—

"This was her boy and she was Mother!"

Was it anything strange that he should have been so choice of his mother?

And yet, not all young men are thus watchful over the happiness and comfort of the one who bears to them the name of "Mother." Have you never watched a man hustle the poor old woman with him up into the wagon as if she hadn't a nerve in her body; her dress wiping the wheel clean of mud that it would take her more than an hour to get off when she got home?

There are homes all over the world today in which the dear old woman who sits in the chimney-corner is a perfect queen, beloved by every one from the baby to the man of middle-age who calls her "Mother."

These are the homes where the grandsire is not considered a burden, lost out of love's embrace after he has signed the deed giving his boy the old home place, and perhaps to be sent away to the county farm, because "they can take care of him there better than we can."

Heaven help the man who says that of his own father!

By one mark alone shall we be able to identify the pearl of real manhood —kindness to father and mother and to every living thing, especially the creature which is weak and slipping on toward life's sundown. — Farm Journal.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

A BUSY MOTHER

I think "A Farmer's Wife from Wisconsin" has a good hobby. I have a good husband, also three lovely little girls who, as my husband says, are full of ginger. They are healthy and full of fun. Although they make many steps, they fully repay by their love and cheerfulness. We live on a farm and I enjoy it. There is a lovely summer resort only two miles from us. At present the people are busy logging. I would like to hear from "The Farmer's Wife from Wisconsi," as I am one myself. With best wishes, I will sign myself—A Busy Mother.

AN APPRECIATION

Echoes of spring time are here and makes us all really glad to be alive to enjoy them. Birds are singing, frogs are peeping once more after their long winter sleep, and how good it seems to get out in the open and commune with nature, and drink in all the great blessings which God has given us to enjoy. I hope there are not many, young or old, who fail to read all the letters of The Blade. Many of them have been helpful and inspiring to me, as they also no doubt have been to many others. "Keep up the good work." We have been readers of The Blade for about ten years, and we surely feel it is a household necessity. Really, a good, all-around periodical.

Have subscribed for it as a gift to many of my friends, and they, too, have enjoyed it. Don't yo uthink it a good way to introduce it into other homes. I have a niece who gets subscribers each year.

How much I enjoyed reading the letter written about being kind to the aged in the issue of April 3. Recognition of the aged is not impressed as thoroughly on the minds of our young today as it should be. Not only the young, but the middle-aged as well, do not always give this matter the attention they should. Those interested in Sunday school work should clip the letter written by "Maid of Indiana" and paste it in their Bible. Would it be helpful to many for each to give in our letters what an old lady friend whom I knew called a "helper verse" from the Bible?

This is one of the many which has helped me: "The Lord God will help me, therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know I shall not be ashamed."—M. E. S. C., Mich.

LAUGH AND LIFT

I am a young farmer living in southwestern Iowa. As I have not seen very many letters from this part of the country I thought I would write. My brother and myself are farming together and our mother keeps house for us. We are located along the fertile Boyer valley. I believe it is one of the best all-crop districts in the United States. Being in the corn belt, of course that is our main crop, but we reap a good harvest of nearly anything that receives proper care.

My "hobby" is driving horses. I do certainly like to drive a nice team. I now have a team of one-half race stock. They are full brothers, dark sorrels with white faces and all eight of their feet are white up to their knees. I don't believe I would trade them for an automobile, for I know I can go with these any time I wish. I enjoy reading the letters from contributors of the Peace Page. I was especially interested in one written by the Subscriber's Daughter from Massena, N. Y. I think the best thing that we can wear through this old world is a smile. We have no room for a pessimist or a swell. We should try to force these out of business. A smile is very contagious and if we smile perhaps others may "catch" it from us. Let us "laugh and lift," and perhaps in time the whole world will be tuned up until the clouds will be lifted from over those unfortunate friends of our commonly called "dead ones." Of course there are times when we feel like doing anything but smiling, but we must remember

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When the world goes along like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

I would be glad to correspond with some of the young folks of the page. —A Hayseed.

A GIRL'S LETTER

Dear Friends: If you will let a busy housekeeper have a little space in the Peace Page I will write a short letter. I love the Peace Page and always read it first. My father has taken the Blade ever since I can remember. I agree with Bunk and Violet from Ohio about the cooking. I believe in good cooking. Nothing is more resting to a tired hungry person than a meal well cooked. Why don't more of the Western girls and boys write. I am only a girl if I did call myself a busy housekeeper. I keep house for my father, sister and brother. Any hints on how to prepare a dainty luncheon will be appreciated. Oh, this fine weather! How many of you girls have planted your early flowers? I have some of mine out. I will write again and tell you about the beautiful valley in which I live. It has been called by two public men "God's garden spot." My sister requests "Barbara Frietchie," a poem by Whittier.—M. D. B., Tenn.

Please let us hear soon about the Valley.—M. H.

A PIONEER MOTHER

I will come again into the circle of the Peace Page to tell you a little of my pioneer life. My first recollection was about 65 years ago when my father built a new hewed log house in the thick woods with a little lot cleared here and there and near what they called the state road. My father had a team of oxen he drove and did all his hauling with and rolled logs together to burn up to clear the land and my mother spun wool and wove it into flannel to make us winter clothes and by the time I was 12 years old I could begin to spin wool and we made homespun blankets and coverlets and when I was 15 I began to spin flax and get it ready for the weavers, which we made into bed ticks and towels. I have some of the homespun linen yet and I spun sewing thread to make up the linen. I gave a piece to a friend and she made it into a doilie, hemstitched it and made crochet work all around it. I like to read the pioneer stories, also the travellers' letters.—Mrs. B. F. M. of Indiana.

"OLD BLACK MAMMY REMEDIES"

By Sara Jane Perry.

A noted physician, lecturing recently, on the rapid advancement in the medical world, said:

"Medical science is becoming so enlightened as to begin to turn to the old-fashioned, simple remedies of our grandmothers, rather than to the use of too much drugs."

The old southern black mammy was an encyclopedia of knowledge when a remedy was needed, and the logical reasoning was astonishing. They thought not only of doctoring for the mere pleasure of pouring teas down your throat, but knew the ways and wherefores as well as any doctor. They are usually thought of as wearing a little bag of asafoetida around the neck to keep off measles, whooping cough, and mumps, burying straws and beans to cure warts, but the good, solid knowledge derived from living among them has been a very great help in my life work, better than just a smattering of drug lore from a doctor book could have been.

Driving along a country road one day past a negro cabin, we heard the most piteous groans. My father said, "We'll have to stop and see what is the matter here." We found a lone man suffering agonies with a carbuncle under his arm. We were miles from a doctor and the man needed relief. A handful of cockle burr leaves were brought in, bruised and bound on the place, giving relief in 10 or 15 minutes. "Old Mammay Susan" had bound up my father's heel in cockle burr leaves when he was a small boy and had a stone bruise.

A hot millein leaf poultice is most excellent to draw out pain. Pour boiling water over the leaves and apply as a poultice. Bruised cabbage leaves serve almost as well.

A syrup of dog fennel will cure asthma. Make a strong tea of the dog fennel, boil it down just half, add an equal amount of sugar and cook to a thick syrup. Give a teaspoonful three times a day.

Baked turnip bound to chilblain, as hot as can be borne, will cure it. If very bad, several applications may be necessary.

Burdock root tea is a great spring tonic. Take half a cupful every day before each meal.

A tablespoonful of kerosene if taken in time will surely break up a cold.

An onion poultice on the chest will save many a doctor bill for pneumonia symptoms. Boil the onions, drain off the water and apply as a poultice.

Turpentine is the all-around remedy. Put it freely on all open wounds, cuts and such like.

When some one has stepped on a rusty nail, cut open the place and pour in hot turpentine. A sure preventive of lockjaw.

When a bone felon starts put a tin cup on the stove, with just enough turpentine to cover the affected part well. Heat just as hot as you can stand it. That's the last of that bone felon!

A cornmeal poultice, made very salt, will draw out the poison and inflammation from all insect stings.

The oldest remedy for snake bites is to skin the snake that bit you and bind the skin to the bite. Now, the part bitten is put in a vessel of kerosene; change the oil as it becomes green; every bit of poison can be drawn out. We all know the world-wide remedy of sucking the poison out.

In olden days when one had consumption a strong silk thread was threaded through the flesh of the chest, with a needle, and left there; every day it was drawn back and forth until a running sore was started, then often enough to keep the sore open. All the poisonous pus was thus gotten out of the system.

When the babies were colicky a wee bit of tansy tea was an all sufficiency. When attacked with summer complaint they were fed on milk thickened with plain wheat flour. A most excellent remedy.

When one became overheated cold water was poured slowly over the wrists over the artery.

In nosebleed cold water was poured over the back of the neck. If very bad the patient was drenched with a bucketful of cold water.

Herbs and simple remedies will be found as efficacious and far less injurious than many of the doctor's prescriptions or any of the drug store patent "dope."

OUR COOK BOOK

Spinach. — Fresh spinach when washed holds enough water for cooking. Put the spinach in a stewpan on the fire, cover and cook for 10 minutes. Press down and turn the spinach over several times during the cooking. At the end of 10 minutes turn the spinach into chopping bowl and mince rather fine. Return to stewpan and add the seasonig allowig for half a peck of spinach two large tablespoons of butter and a teaspoon of salt. Simmer 10 minutes or, if very tender, five minutes will be sufficient. Spinach cooked in this manner will retain all of its salts, and will be more laxative than when boiled with water. However, if the vegetable is old it would be better to boil it in water. Serve heaped in a mound garnished with hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices.

Spinach with Cream—For one-half of a peck of spinach take two tablespoons of butter and one of flour, one teaspoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of pepper, one-half of a pint of cream or milk. Boil and mince spinach; put butter in a saucepan on the fire; when hot, add the flour and stir until smooth and frothy, then add the minced spinach, salt and pepper. Cook for five minutes, then add the milk or cream, hot, and cook three minutes longer.

Pieplant Marmalade—Equal quantities of prepared pieplant and orange pulp, with their own weight in sugar and an extra cupful for the kettle, can be baked slowly to an excellent marmalade. Reduce the heat after the fruit is tender, and let it barely simmer in the syrup. Spice to taste, but taste will go wrong if it leaves out mace and cloves. Free the orange peel of membrane, and boil it tender in salt water. This is to remove the bitterness. Throw into fresh water. When cool, pare away the white inside and cook for half an hour in clear water. Cut into fine straws with sharp, clean scissors, and stir the straws well through the fruit. Let cook till they are preserved through. Keep the pan off the stove bottom with a rack or wire shelf and thus you minimize the danger of scorching. Stir occasionally, but only occasionally, and very, very gently. When a drop hardened on a plate shows the right consistency. take from the oven, cool till milkwarm, then pack in small jars. They may have paraffn on top, or oiled paper.

Pieplant Shortcake—For dinner you can achieve with it many things: Shortcake, for example, baked double with the touching sides buttered. Separate when done, spread between with the pieplant mixture, but put nothing on top, and serve with a rich, sweet sauce. Or split a fresh sponge cake, spread pieplant between the halves, and serve either with sauce or sweetened cream.

Mother's Smile

It is true, as some writer has wisely observed, that "it is mother's sunny smile that starts the day happily, or her frown that mars the day for members of her household. In order to command love and respect, mother must, first of all, have full control of her temper, must be able to appear happy under trying conditions, must have learned to govern herself, and have reason to respect herself, or she will fail where she should reign supreme."

Not an easy task—nay, a difficult one at times, and one requiring the divine patience that God gives to some wives and mothers. There is many a great moral victory back of mother's smile, back of her self-control, back of the careful guard she puts upon her tongue. No mother ever reigns worthily in her own little home kingdom without achieving a great many moral victories and without winning the approving smile of God.—Ex.

The Overworked Mother

It is a mother's constant temptation to serve her children in lesser deeds that rob herself of most important property, to forget herself and waste her soul in the routine demands made by her children. But let every mother know that the best way to serve her children is to keep alive in her breast the importance of her own personality. Let her know that the time will come when these little ones will need more than the sacrifices of the nursery. Some day they will need her companionship, will need her intelligence. They will need her to be large minded, up-to-date, so that they may share their men's and women's problems with her. Happy she who keeps to herself in their childhood sacred hours for her own self-culture, renewing ever the oil in her lamp that to them her supreme gift may be a constant and increasing light!—Christian Century:

Alex. Shelton, Belleville, W. Va., has not walked for over eight years. Reading is his chief diversion, and he asks religious books or papers if there are any to spare.

Czar's Daughter to Wed

Princess Olga, eldest daughter of the Czar of Russia, it is reported, has been selected as the fiance of the Prince of Wales. The young people have never met, but it is probable they will accompany their parents when the Czar and King George meet in the autumn, at Queen Alexander's villa near Copenhagen.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

IN THE HILL COUNTRY

My home is near the oil fields in Roane county. I am a farmer's daughter and like farm life. We have had the Blade in our home for many years, and think we could not do without it. We always turn to the Peace Page first. My hobbies are school teaching and reading. We have beautiful scenery here, and as I am a great lover of nature I spend many happy hours out doors. Nothing pleases me more than to sit up on a high hill and gaze at the great number of surrounding hills which seem to grow smaller in the dim horizon. I shall write again giving an account of some of our picnics and excursions. I wish every one would sign their real name, I am not ashamed of mine.—Bernice V.

We should like to have an account of your picincs and excursions. Summer is coming, and these letters are very welcome.—M. H.

THE WILD TURKEY HUNT

Aunt Jane, of Arkansas, makes one's mouth water with this invitation:

"Come down here June and eat huckle berry pie and cobbler and go turkey hunting with us. We will have fried chicken and everything good to eat the farm affords." Of wild turkey hunting she says:

It was up in the mountains we were told it was an ideal turkey locality. I know from experience that the nests of turkey ranches in their wild state are very hard to find, even when you have bells on your turkeys. But its fun and where there are several of you it's a pleasure to hunt them; it's equal to hunting the thimble or any of those old hide-and-seek games we used to play when young and much more profitable for how great the satisfaction when your hunt is ended. You locate the old hen so snugly hid, close by the path covering her nest full of eggs, when the searchers had been all around her. You watch her feed early in the morning and when she starts off in a hurry you follow closely and hide behind bushes and trees, but never take your eyes off her or she will dodge and squat before you can see her, and then you have to wait for another day. This is a very healthy country, and splendid water, and the air is so fine nearly always a breeze. It does not get stifling hot in the hottest summer weather, but very pleasant. I often wonder why people will crowd themselves in the great cities when there is so much land and forest and life and health awaiting them in the country. Farmers are often called hayseeds, but where would your bread and flour come from if there were no hayseeds? It is the most independent life of all. Here you can have your little cotton patch, your broom corn, and everything if need be. You will still see the spinning wheel and loom busy here in some of the country homes, and I don't blame them. It think it's grand to keep up with the old ways, and to live as our grandmothers did. You ought to see the lovely home spun blankets some of the home folks make and use. Worth two of your factory made ones.—Aunt Jane, of Arkansas.

MONTANA GIRL AMONG INDIANS

We have taken The Blade for some time and enjoy it very much. I have seen many requests for letters from this glorious west and cowboy stories. I am interested in cowboys myself. They are very picturesque in their costumes. I have not seen many, but two I see nearly every day. The Indians pass by our house faster than we could count. The cowboys wear bright colored handkerchiefs around their necks, high crowned sombreros shaps; one day they wear black, orange, white angora hair shaps, other times leather ones with silver mountings and have spurs and either tan or black riding boots. The Indians ride different colored ponies, some black and white spotted, others red or bay and white and the blankets, well, nothing is too gaudy or bright for an Indian, even the half breeds wear blankets. Most Indians are lousy and many eat dead horses and dogs.

The Indians go continually from Saturday before Easter Sunday until a week after Sunday to church. The squaws wear dresses made of silk, mostly green and red seem to be their favorite colors. Their blankets are made of all fancy colors blended together. The squaws wear silk handkerchiefs on their heads and the bucks wear either black or gray peaked tall crowned hats with wide brims, and of all the queer looking articles their hats are when decorated with weasel tails, rabbit tails, squirrel heads and most every kind of an animal as an ornament. Of course, they use turkey feathers at Easter, Christmas, and Fourth of July they paint in great style. Most of you people have never seen an Indian dance. Well, you've missed one grand sight. Words can never explain the sights and noises. When an Indian sings he makes a sort of gutteral sound. In my next letter I'll tell you about the Indian dance and more about cowboys. Hoping you will enjoy this and hoping to see it in print, I remain a girl of 17 from the Golden West, Montana.

I wish I knew that Pennsylvania girl's address who wished she was a cowgirl. I have a pony but am not a cowgirl.

Our Correspondents

J. C. McNelly, Ohio, of Co. C, 91st O. V. I., would like to hear from some of his comrades. He asks them to write letters through the Peace Page. "Shenefield, of Florida, I want to hear from you."

M. D. C., Ind., wants to know where an old-fashioned sacred melody note book can be purchased, the kind used fifty years ago.

What has become of New England Girl, Olive Branch and others whose letters were interesting?—Romaine, Ind.

The soldier poem, "The Vacant Chair," is asked for. The old soldiers are passing away so fast let us younger ones be a little more patriotic and help cheer them along life's highway.—I. H., O.

I read the request for the post card shower for Mrs. John Miller, Olean, N. Y., but I would be much pleased if you would inform the readers of the Peace Page as soon as possible that she has passed away, and is now where there is no more sorrow or suffering.—Mrs. R. L. G.

Mrs. H. S. V. is eager to know whether John J. Scrutz, Dayton, Ohio, escaped the flood. Mrs. V. says to Mrs. D. I. that burlap is easily obtainable at a harness shop or furniture store.

I wish to tell the sisters of this page that Mrs. Lena Miller, of Cohocton, N. Y., has passed to the great beyond. She died the 14th of January last. If you remember, several months ago, she wrote a letter in Pin Money Corner, offering to give advice to any one wishing it regarding the raising and selling of flowers.—Mrs. D. B., Ind.

True and Brave Women

To be able to look cheerfully and hopefully through clouds of poverty and distress, is an accomplishment bestowed by nature upon every true and brave woman, and, no matter how poor or humble her home may be, the magic power of smiles can brighten its shadows and lighten its cares.

Upon the troubled mind of a feeling husband a wife's smile falls like a sunbeam on a flower. And how much more beautiful it makes the face that wears it than a frown! When a wife and mother, forgetting sorrows and hardships, smiles away her tears, there is a loveliness in the act that speaks to a man's heart more eloquently than words.

HOUSEHOLD

To make dustless dusters, purchase two and one-half yards of cheesecloth (preferably black), cut in equal parts. Saturate thoroughly in a solution made of one-third ounce of paraffine oil, mixed with one pint of kerosene. Wring dry, and you will have an excellent dust cloth, harmless to any kind of furniture. Pour the remaining oil in a bottle, cork securely, label and keep for future use.

Could some one give a recipe for cup cakes or gems made with bran?—Mrs. T. B. B., Wisconsin.

To heal chapped hands, wash the hands thoroughly in strong vinegar every night after you have done your day's work and as often as you wish through the day, especially after you have laundered clothes.—M. F. W., Va.

POEMS WANTED

In requesting songs or poems published please ask for those that are not too long. A poem like "The Ride of Jennie McNeal," for instance, takes a great deal of space in the Corner, which four or five short, helpful bits of verse might occupy. We all love these lengthy old favorites, but as a rule they are available in book form, and in which we may easily possess or borrow.—M. H.

Under the Homestead Roof.
Fifty years ago.
Emersons, "I Am the Owner of a Sphere."

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Massachusetts Letter.

I live in the beautiful city of Lawrence. I am a little girl 13 years old, and I go to the Oliver grammar school. My teacher's name is Miss Brooks, and she is very kind. I learn geography, history, arithmetic, spelling and reading.

The house I live in is not my papa's. He works all day and so does my mother.

Did you not hear what some bad men said about our lovely city? They said it was the worst city they ever heard of. One Sunday they had a parade in which they carried a banner that said "No God," "No Master."

Two weeks after all the children of the public schools, on Columbus day, had a parade, too. But we did not carry the red flag, which stands for anarchy. We carried the "Stars and Stripes," which stands for our lovely country, the United States of America.

Our city has beautiful schools and fine churches, libraries and clubs. Our park is next in size to the one in Boston.

Do you think you would call a city like that, which has lovely things, bad? I wish you would come to see this beautiful city and see for yourself what it is. Yours sincerely—Mary Agnes Baines.

A Letter of Cheer.

I am sending my motto for the boys' and girls' department. It is, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." I think it is a good motto. What do you think, boys and girls? I like all the letters the children write, but I like the ones about missionaries best, and would like very much to be a missionary. I would also like to be an author of stories and books. I have a brother 16 years old who says he is going to be an author of books when he gets grown up.

I am the cripple girl who wanted a birthday party July 6, 1910. Well, I had my party, and got nearly 200 post cards and letters from Blade readers which I am so thankful for. I got many letters and cards from people wanting to know why I could not walk. Well, I will tell that next time if you like this. My dear mamma has been dead almost three years. My papa and three brothers and one sister all stay here at home together. Brother Roy is the cook. Don't you think that I am lucky for having a boy girl? I am 14 years old.—Lessie M. Hewitt, Eaton, West Virginia.

Music and Reading, Her Hobby.

In reading the Peace Page I have read what quite a few of your hobbies are, so I am here and will tell you mine. They are music and reading, although I cannot read very much. I had to give up my school because I have weak eyes, so now I am giving music lessons. You may add me to your "Dish Washers' Club," as I love to wash dishes. How many of the Peace Page boys and girls love to go to church? I for one, but haven't been to church for four weeks on account of the measles—Anna Williams, Springboro, Pa.

A Farmer's Daughter.

I have gone to school four years, and have missed 4½ days. I am a great lover of country life, and like to take care of poultry. We have geese, turkeys, chickens and ducks, and several tame rabbits. We have also lots of stock, such as horses, cattle and hogs. I help mamma with the housework, and I sometimes help papa with the barn chores. Papa has taken The Blade for 19 years and he likes it very much.—Lula Carter, Centerville, Pa.

Arthur E. H., Jr., Sudbury, Vt., has 11 hens and 4 ducks for pets.

Verna May Sparks, Sparks, W. Va., wants birthday cards on the 14th of May. She sends a riddle and will be glad to receive answers to it direct:

I bought some fowls the other day,
A hundred dollars did I pay;
Each turkey did five dollars touch;
Each goose did bring about half as much.
While chickens if it must be told
For ten cents each were freely sold.
One hundred fowls in all had I.
Of each how many did I buy?

Ruby Nell Karnes, Benton, Ky., says when school is out she and her friends will piece quilts.

Mabel A. Hughes, Forest Lake, Pa., has a pet dog that does many clever tricks, among them, sitting up in a chair, and catching pancakes.

POETS' CORNER

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years,
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasp to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Margaret E. Sangster.

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing from girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together,
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! Are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They are all home, long ago."
And I sing in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven!

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

George Bancroft Griffith.

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit you down and write the letter
You put off from day to day.
Don't wait until her weary steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show you that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait,
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent—
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
Show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

BE WHAT MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE

The Methodist.

Whilst walking down a crowded street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say:
"Say, Jimmie, lemme tell youse, I'd be happy as a clam
If I wuz onl ythe feller dat me mudder t'inks I am.

"She t'inks I'm a wonder, an' she knows 'her little lad'
Could never mix wit' nothin' dat wuz ugly, mean or bad.
Oh, lots o' times I sit an' t'ink how nice 'twould be gee whiz!
If a feller was de feller dat his mudder t'inks he is!"

My friends, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,
You can still learn a lesson from this small, unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star;
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

POST CARD EXCHANGE

Erma Fruchey, Columbia City, Ind.
Beatrice Russell, Whitehall, N. Y.
Marie Zoller, Waverly, W. Va.
Belva Stephens, Quaker City, Ohio.
Cora McMullen, Waverly, W. Va.
Jacob H. Lyon, Prattsburg, N. Y.
Bessie M. Larabee, East Berkshire, Vermont.
Cynthia E. Toomey, Bellville, W. Va.
Sylvie Rhodes, Bell Grove, W. Va.
Elsie Bright, Morgantown, W. Va.; route 3.
Esther Rhodes, Bell Grove, W. Va.
Sarah Walker, Pleasant Lake, Ind.
Hazel Slocum, Meadville, Pa.
Bessie Beahan, Carthage, N. Y.
Elsie Baines, Waverly, W. Va.
Lorine O'Brien, Reed City, Mich.
Lorma Roberts, Mt. Union, Pa.
Rubie Winkler, Waverly, W. Va.
Josie V. Collins, Reedsville, W. Va.
Belle Starkey, S. Bloomingville, Ohio.

MOTHER'S ALMANAC

Lippincott's Magazine.

I tell you when it comes to dates,
My mother's just the boss!
She tells me all I want to know
'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think she'd get mixed up sometimes;
At school I know I do—
'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock,
And 1492.

But mother says, "The war with Spain
Was fought in '98,
The year you all had chickenpox,
Exceptin' Sister Kate.

"The Boer war in Africa—
That was a dreadful thing—
Began in '99, I know,
For Jack was born that spring.

"In '98 the Spanish ships
Were sunk in Cuban channels,
'Twas summer for you children had
Just changed your winter flannels.

"In 1904, my dear,
The Russians fought the Japs,
That year was very cold and you
Had chilblains and the chaps."

There are six of us and we're all mixed up
With hist'ry just that way;
Sometimes it's measles, croup or mumps,
But there's no date that ever stumps
My mother, night or day.

THE ISLE OF THE LONG AGO

Benjamin F. Taylor.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it flows through the realm of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf so they come and go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of His isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasure there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer,
There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night.
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r;
Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

HUSBAND NAILED RUBBER ON GATES

Wife so Weak and Nervous Could Not Stand Least Noise — How Cured.

Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand it to have a gate slam.

"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend your Compound to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. P. Mullendore, Munford, Alabama.

An Honest Dependable Medicine is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A Root and Herb medicine originated nearly forty years ago by Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., for controlling female ills.

Its wonderful success in this line has made it the safest and most dependable medicine of the age for women and no woman suffering from female ills does herself justice who does not give it a trial.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

ARTHUR RUHL

Kindly give a short sketch of Arthur Ruhl.—A. B., Kinmundy, Ill.

Arthur Brown Ruhl, the author, was born at Rockford, Illinois, October 1, 1876. He attended Harvard, graduating in 1899, and is unmarried. He was on the staff of the New York Evening Sun from 1899 to 1904 and on Collier's Weekly since 1904. He is the author of "A History of Track Athletics in America," "A Break in Training," "The Other Americans." He now resides in New York city.

SILKWORMS

I would like to have you give some information on the raising of silkworms.—A. L. K., Kansas.

When one wishes to cultivate the silkworm he must have as the first requisite an ample supply of foliage. This obtained by growing mulberry trees far enough apart to give each tree enough room to develop its branches in all directions. The distance varies from 15 to 40 feet, depending upon variety and method of training. The eggs having been kept over in winter in a temperature of less than 50 degrees in a dry circulating atmosphere, and place in a room or in incubator in which the temperature is raised gradually to about 73 degrees. In about 10 days the larvae emerge and are covered with sheets of perforated paper sprinkled with chopped mulberry leaves, which should be renewed about nine times during the first 24 hours, each time by placing a fresh paper above the soiled one, which should be burned. Paper with larger perforations is necessary as the worms grow. As they approach maturity their appetites become voracious. When ready to spin they should be supplied with brush straw or other material upon which to form their cocoons and the temperature at this time should be kept about 75 degrees, and the humidity close to 65 degrees. At all times scrupulous cleanliness is essential, as also is abundant fresh air. When the spinning is concluded no sound is heard within the cocoon. The cocoons are then sorted according to size, quality, color into nine grades for manufacture, a separate lot being selected for breeding. The sexes are readily recognized, the males being smaller than the females. After grading the cocoons are heated to destroy the insects within for if the latter emerged the thread would be broken many times.

Where there is not a uniform and favorable atmosphere, where the humidity and purity of the air are impaired, and still more where there is deviation from the strictest cleanliness, silk growers have often experienced serious losses of their caterpillars at all stages of their growth. After each crop and before the introduction of a new one the breeding and feeding quarters should be thoroughly cleaned and purified. The walls are whitewashed, the trays sterilized in various ways and the apartments fumigated with burning sulphur.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK

Will the Question Bureau please give a short biography of Alexander Selkirk?—G. L. H., Blowing Rock, N. C.

Alexander Selkirk, the Scottish sailor, was born in 1676 and died in 1721. In May, 1703, he joined Dampier's privateering expedition to the South Seas, and sailed as master in Cinque Ports under Captain Stradling. In consequence of some difference with his commander he was put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez off the Chilean coast, and remained in his solitude till he was taken away by Captain Woods Rogers in January, 1709. Some account of his residence was published by Steele in the "Englishman," in Rogers' "Voyage Round the World," and in Cook's "Voyage to the South Sea and Round the World;" but there is no reason to believe that he had any papers or journal of any sort. He is known as prototype of the Robinson Crusoe of Daniel Defoe, who apparently derived such information as he had from Steele, Rogers and Cook.

MONROE DOCTRINE

I would like to have you tell me what you can about the Monroe doctrine.—F. B., Chesaning, Mich.

The term Monroe doctrine has been popularly used for three principles which at different times have governed the policy of the United States toward Latin America. They are (1) the declaration made in 1823 by President Monroe; (2) various theories of our relations to Latin America, which theories by several presidents and secretaries of state from 1845 to 1865, have been set forth as forms of the Monroe doctrine; (3) the general doctrine that the United States has a "paramount interest" in American affairs, a doctrine rapidly developed since 1890. The doctrine has been applied several times since it was made the basis of action by the government. The first was in 1865, when the Emperor Napoleon III. of France was informed that the United States considered the French troops in Mexico, supporting the Emperor Maximilian, to be repugnant to that doctrine, with an intimation that Gen. the Rio Grande, might be used to drive them out. Napoleon yielded, withdrew the French troops, and Maximilian's capture and execution by the Mexicans followed. The other case was when President Cleveland interfered in the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain.

MEERSCHAUM

Kindly give a description of meerschaum.—P. W. B., Crystal, Mich.

Meerschaum is the name given o one of the silicates of magnesium. It is a mineral of a whitish or creamy color, and received its name from its appearance and the position in which it is sometimes found suggesting that it is petrified foam of the sea. The best quality comes from Asia Minor, where it is found in pits. The mineral is mined in blocks, which are soft for sometime, so that it can be easily cut into different shapes. After cleaning and shaping the blocks they are separated into four classes, according to size and quality. Most of the meerschaum is made into pipes. The pipes are colored by smoking.

ST. BARTHOLAMEW MASSACRE

Will you please give a history of the St. Bartholomew massacre?—C. W. C., Raywood, Texas.

The St. Bartholomew massacre, so called because it occurred on August 24, St. Bartholomew Day, lasted from August 24 to October 3, 1572. After the death of Francis II., Catherine de Midici had assumed the regency for her son, Charles IX., then only 10 years old, and in spite of the opposition of the Guises she issued an edict of toleration in favor of the Protestant party in 1562. The party of the Guises now persuaded the nation that the Roman Catholic religion was in great danger and civil war now went on between the Protestants and the Catholics, which continued until 1570.

The young king had now entirely disengaged himself from the influence of his mother and the Guises and invited the old Coligny, the support of the Protestants, to his court. The queen had now allied herself with the Guises and, becoming jealous of Coligny with the king, determined to have him assassinated, and on August 22, he was shot and wounded. The king was induced by his mother to believe that the admiral had designs on his life. He then said that all Protestants should be killed. The following night Catherine held the bloody council which fixed the date of the execution for the night of St. Bartholomew. After the assassination of Coligny a bell was rung which gave the signal for the massacre of the Protestants. By the king's order the massacre was extended throughout the whole kingdom and continued over 40 days. The victims are calculated from 10,000 to 100,000.

LILIUOKALANI

I would like to have you give a sketch of the life of Liliuokalani.—D. L., Chesire, Ohio.

Liliuokalani, ex-queen of Hawaii, was born in Honolulu, September 2, 1838. She was a sister of King Kalakua, and succeeded him in 1891. She was married to John O. Dominis, an American, who became governor of Oahu. She attempted to substitute a less liberal constitution for that of 1887, and this resulted in her being deposed in 1893. The islanders then adopted a provisional government, which soon became a republic. She endeavored to secure assistance from the United States, visiting Washington in 1896 for that purpose, but on the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, in 1898, returned to the island. She revisited the United States in the winter of 1901 to press her claims for indemnity on the crown lands.

1912 ELECTION

Please give the number of votes received by each candidate in the 1912 election.—J. L. R., LaSalle, Mich.

The total number of votes received by each candidate in 1912 was as follows: Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, 6,293,120; Wm. H. Taft, Republican, 3,485,082; Theodore Roosevelt, Progressive, 4,119,582; Eugene V. Debs, Socialist, 901,839; Eugene W. Chafin, Prohibitionist, 206,427; Arthur E. Reimer, Socialist Labor, 28,750. The electoral vote was: Wilson, 435; Taft, 8; Roosevelt, 88.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. B. L., Flora, Ind.—In the Pension Law of 1912, quoted in the question Bureau of April 24, the age given as 72 should have been 75.

J. W. L., Chapel, W. Va.—The supreme court justices are appointed for life.

S. R. T., Progress, Wis.—The mother of George Washington was Mary Ball. The mother of Abraham Lincoln was Nancy Hanks.

G. W. Y., Roanoke, W. Va.—We can give no biography of James B. Hickok.

E. B. S., Massillon, Ohio.—To become a citizen of the United States a foreigner must take out naturalization papers. If taken out before his children are 21 they are also naturalized; if not, they must take out papers for themselves.

T. S. M., Blantyre, N. C.—The bureau has no biography of J. W. Averell.

Wonderful Oil Engine

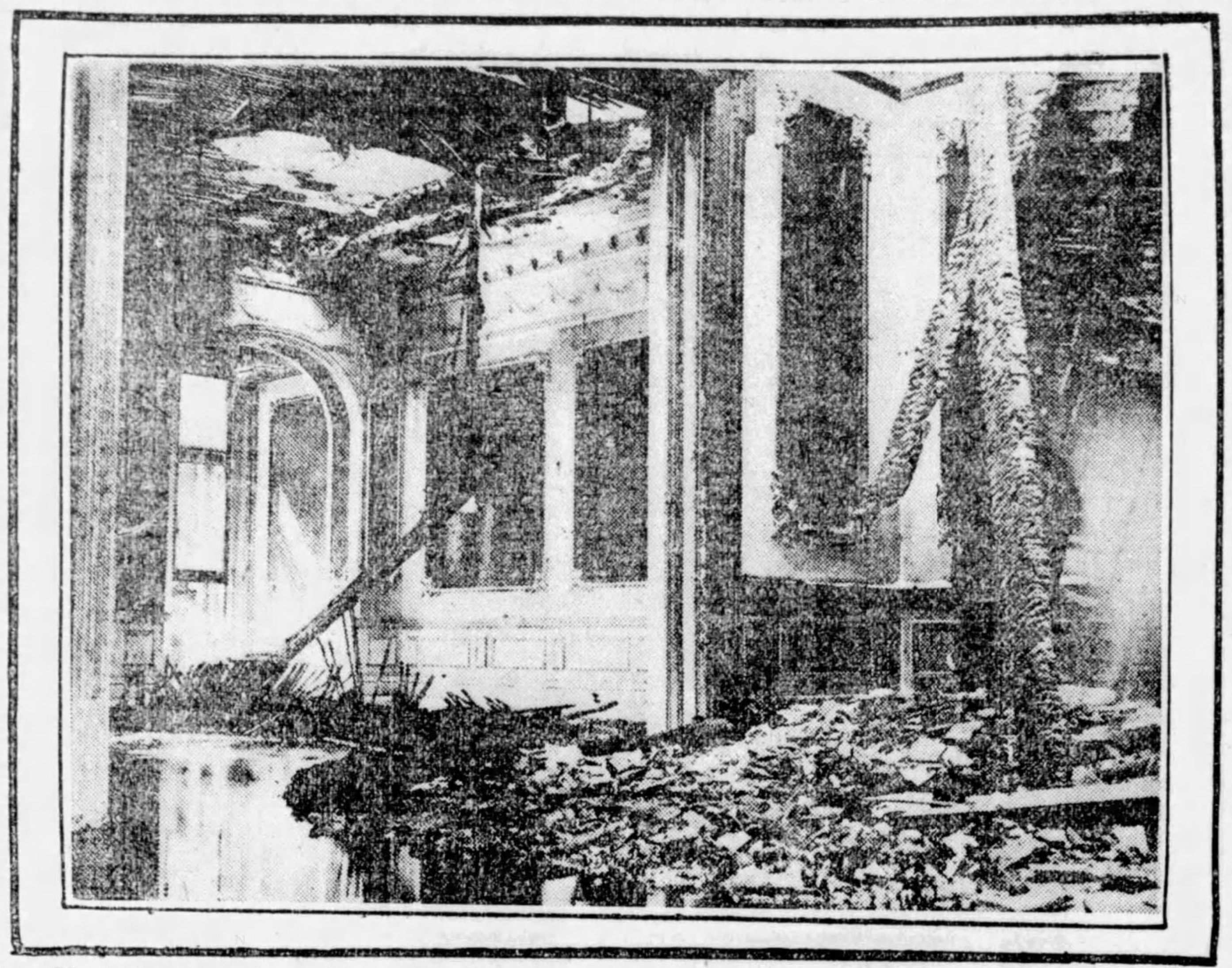
New York Evening Post.

IF the reecnt announcement is true, that a German firm is prepared to furnish an internal combustion engine, in which 4,000-horsepower can be generated in one cylinder, a long step ahead has been made to the conquest of marine propulsion by the oil engine. In the past the impossibility of making up these engines for any considerable output of power, without a great multiplicity of cylinders, has been a fatal obstacle to their use in large vessels.

Last spring the largest single cylinders of this type in existence (or at least about which the public had any information) were of but 2,000-horsepower. And these cylinders were in experimental installation, while, at the same time, the largest cylinders in commercial use were of but 300 horsepower. Those of the much talked of Selandia are of but 157 horsepower each. The enormous jump ahead since last spring may be appreciated by considering a concrete case. Then a ship requiring 8,000 horsepower would have had to install no less than 27 300-horsepower cylinders. If the claims of the German firm are true, such an engine can now be built with but two cylinders. These great new cylinders are said to be of the two cycle, double acting type.

A British syndicate which includes among its members an ex-lord mayor, Sir Marcus Samuel, is reported to have acquired the rights to the new engine for Great Britain. Three cargo boats have already been ordered, and plans made for a fleet including passenger vessels up to a tonnage of 15,000 and a speed of 25 knots. This ambitious program is based, it appears, on engines in a German warship. It has been known for some months that the naval authorities of several countries were experimenting with oil engines, and last spring the announcement appeared that the British Admiralty had under way a 2,000-horsepower oil cylinder. It is quite possible, therefore, that some of the courage of the new syndicate has been obtained through knowledge of successful naval experiments at home.

What Militant Vote Seekers Do to a House



Illustrating how thoroughly the English militants do their work of destruction. The picture shows what was the drawing room of the summer home of Mr. Arthur du Cros, M. P., at St. Leonards, which was destroyed recently by fire. Suffragette literature and placards were found on the grounds.

Farm's Lure City Men's Ruin

IS the "city feller" necessarily a fool at agriculture, where the rube makes an easy living.

Can a man from the city buy a farm and make it pay?

These questions enter the mind of almost every city man now and then when the farm owning bee enters the ventilator of his derby.

"Yes, he can make it pay, providing"—answers Prof. O. S. Morgan, who is a specialist on the subject. He is the second man at Columbia University to occupy the chair of agriculture; the first held that distinction in 1794.

"Yes," says Prof. Morgan, reported by the New York Evening Sun, "there is a place for the city man on the farm, providing he comes prepared to cope with the questions that will arise there.

"Four out of five city men who go into farming with intentions of making that their future work prepare for it by one or two months of casual reading of farmers' bulletins and like literature, and think they are farm wise. These men are elected to flunk.

"The trouble with city men is that they think that in a few months, or a year's study at the most they can go out on a farm and teach farming to men who have been at it all their lives.

"It will be generally conceded that city men ought to stay in the city and make good city men and farmers ought to stay on the farm and make good farmers. But when the city man does go on the farm he ought at least to prepare for the work which the farmer has been studying all his life. When countrymen come to the city they always start at the bottom. There are thousands of successful business men in New York who came here from the farm and no one would ever know it, for they all started from the bottom and went to the top. When city men go to the farm they begin at the top and go down to the bottom.

"Most city men going to the farm commit their first piece of folly when they buy their farm land from the agent. Too many agents make it their business to convince people that a piece of land really worth $2,000 is a great bargain at $6,000.

"Many of the deluded chaps who are looking for bargain land near New York and have palmed off on them scabby New York state land. They somehow cannot realize that shrewd, long headed farmers have years ago gone all over New York state with a fine tooth comb and appropriated all the good land. One should not expect to find good land for sale in the hands of a real estate agent. There are no more free or bargain lands. Good New York land now commands an average price of from $150 to $200 an acre. Few New Yorkers seem to know that.

"And then the city man, even if he gets—and pays for—land worth having fails to make himself thoroughly familiar with the whole business for two years or so both from a practical and scientific standpoint. When contemplating buying a farm he should visit the place at least a dozen times at different periods of the year to see just what the land can do. He should consider the crops that the land is adapted to and the accessibility of the land to railroad stations and markets. Does he usually do all that?

"Nevertheless city men of the right kind are in place on the farm and actually needed there. Good business men intent on making the farm their future business and willing to exchange their business abilities for some farmer's practical experience will lend new color and significance to farm life. The farmer lacks the habit of bookkeeping and of accurately computing profits and losses. The business of the average farmer continually has leaks of some sort somewhere, though his figuring always shows him a profit. Accurate accounting figures in his own labor and that of his wife and children, his annual tax and the annual depreciation in value. That is where the city man's business precision would help."

GERANIUMS IN THE ANTARCTIC

WORD has just been received by way of New Bedford of an American Museum of Natural History expedition which on the brig Daisy is penetrating the Antarctic in search of sea elephants, sea leopards and penguins.

The Daisy is under the command of Capt. Benjamin D. Cleveland, a veteran in Antarctic hunting. He is accompanied on this trip by Robert C. Murphy of the museum, who will bring back specimens of whatever birds and animals he can find.

The news of the Daisy came from Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the naturalist-skipper, who lives in New Bedford. His letter to her was written at South Georgia, a small island in the Antarctic about 1,000 miles from the Falklands.

At that time all on board the Daisy were in good health and the ship was anchored about 30 miles from where Capt. Cleveland began hunting when the season opened, some time after he wrote his letter. The Daisy sailed from the West Indies in June and gradually worked her way down to the wintry seas, picking up a few whales on the way and stopping at small islands where Mr. Murphy thought he could bag something of interest.

Capt. Cleveland writes that he was astonished to find at South Georgia, which he expected was uninhabited, a fleet of cabins built of boards, where geraniums looked out of the windows at the snow-covered rocks. The geraniums were explained by the presence of the wife and daughter of the manager of the fleet.

Capt. Cleveland and Mr. Murphy dined with them, right glad to eat a meal ashore, and their orchestra was wind from the ice to the south and the hoarse barks of sea elephants. South Georgia is further south than that bleak island Kerguelens Land, where blue black bergs, split from the ice barrier march by all day.

After three months spent at South Georgia gathering specimens and studying and slaying the sea elephant Capt. Cleveland and Mr. Murphy plan to visit many more of the small islands lying north of the barrier. They will be gone about 14 months.

Not the Mother Tongue

JOHNSON, as Mr. Burke most justly observed, appears far greater in Boswell's book than in his own. His conversation appears to have been quite equal to his writings in matter, and far superior to them in manner. When he talked, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. All his books are written in a learned language; in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse; in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love; in a language in which nobody ever thinks.

It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue were simple, energetic and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the "Journey to the Hebrides" is the translation; and it is amusing to compare the two versions. "When we were taken upstairs," says he in one of his letters, "a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." This incident is recorded in the "Journey" as follows: "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man black as Cyclops from the forge." Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. "The Rehearsal," he said, very unjustly, "has not wit enough to keep it sweet;" then, after a pause, "it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

Guaranty Trust Co., of New York, Moves $2,000,000,000.

In moving to its new building at 140 Broadway recently the Guaranty Trust Company of New York transferred from its former quarters to its new vault, cash and securities amounting to more than $2,250,000,000. Nearly $2,000,000,000 of this was in the shape of trust securities held by its trust department. This is probably the largest amount of actual physical wealth that has ever been moved at one time by one institution.

The main banking room of the company, on the opening day, resembled the annual flower show at Madison Square Garden quite as much as it did a banking room, for immense bouquets and floral pieces sent in by the neighboring banks and other friends of the company decorated every portion of the immense room. President Hemphill, Vice President Sabin, and the other officers were kept busy all day long receiving the congratulations of hundreds of visiting friends. From the time the great doors opened in the morning until they were closed late in the day there was a constant stream of sight-seers passing through the building. It is estimated that the total was well up in the thousands.

Still in the Stone Age

Collier's Weekly.

RAMESES III. of the twentieth Egyptian dynasty, who reigned some 1,200 years B. C., caused this inscription to be engraven on his monuments:

> To unprotected women there is freedom to wander through the whole country wheresoever she list without apprehending danger.

On Monday, March 3, 1913, A. D., in the house of representatives of the United States, this dialogue occurred:

> Mr. Hobson—Mr. Speaker, I take this time in order to enter a protest against the treatment accorded the suffragist parade this afternoon by the police authorities of the city of Washington. * * * * I have been called over the telephone * * * and told by a woman that her young daughter was on one of the floats and a ruffian climbed on the float and insulted her daughter.
>
> Mr. Mann (Republican floor leader)—Her daughter ought to have been at home.

Working this thing out chronologically, the present Republican leader of congress, James R. Mann of Illinois belongs somewhere back in the Stone Age.

Hunting Season in Chicago.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Why go west or north to the great woods when the hunting is much better right in Chicago? Within a few weeks the flat hunting season will open in earnest and thousands and thousands of citizens will indulge in this form of recreation. All the equipment one needs is a pair of legs and a strong distaste for one's present neighbors or lodgings. Few hunters indeed fail to secure at least one flat to show in triumph to their friends for a week or two until they begin to discover things. It is open season for flat hunting the year round, but the spring is the season most favorable. Many women become quite expert at it. Criminal hunting, vice hunting and bargain hunting are also indulged in quite freely in Chicago, the climate being particularly favorable for that sort of sport. No license required.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, April 28

Senate—The bill authorizing an additional circuit judge for the fourth judicial circuit was passed. The urgent deficiency bill, carrying appropriations for the support of the new department of labor, was passed. The resolution calling for an investigation of the political and geographical composition of the consular service was discussed, but no action taken. Committee on education and labor ordered a favorable report on the nomination of Charles P. Neill as commissioner of labor statistics. Senator Kern's resolution for an investigation of the West Virginia coal strike was reported, and will be considered Thursday. A number of nominations were sent in, and a number confirmed, including H. S. Breckinridge to be assistant secretary of war.

House—The house met at 11 a. m. and resumed the general tariff debate, which closed at a night session. Representative Sisson, in a tariff speech, declared himself in favor of California's anti-alien land law, and said he resented the efforts of Japan to force this country to submit to that country's demands. Representative Gardner introduced a bill for a national archives building in Washington, to cost $1,500,000. Representative Kelly introduced the Progressives' old age pension bill.

Tuesday, April 29.

Senate—The senate was not in session; meets tomorrow at noon. Senator du Pont's resolution to disclose the character of employment engaged in by retired officers of the army ordered to be favorably reported. Joint congressional committee began its investigation of alleged combination in the foreign buying of American tobacco. Chairman Owen, of banking and currency committee, announced that the committee would formulate its currency reform plan Friday. The interoceanic canal committee, by a vote of 13 to 1, postponed until next session the Root bill to repeal the clause in the canal law granting exemption from tolls to American coastwise ships.

House—The house met at 11 a. m., and the reading of the tariff bill under the five-minute rule for amendment was begun. During a heated argument over conditions that existed two years ago, when the tariff commission question was pending, Speaker Clark took the floor and made a vigorous speech. Representative Lindbergh introduced a resolution to bar members of the house interested in banks from serving on the banking and currency committee during the preparation of currency reform legislation. Representative Smith, of Maryland, presented a bill to abolish the district supreme court and the court of appeals of the district, transferring the jurisdiction to the fourth judicial circuit. Representative Cary introduced a bill to repeal the law approved February 25, 1913, authorizing the Washington Railway and Electric Co. to extend its car tracks to the District line.

Wednesday, April 30.

Senate—Joint congressional committee continued its hearing in investigation of foreign buying of American tobacco.

House—Met at 11 a. m., and resumed reading of tariff bill for amendment under five-minute rule. Representative Neely introduced resolution to direct attorney general to proceed against Missouri Pacific railway to collect $3,630,000 growing out of financing original lne. Representatve Britten introduced bill to repeal toll exemption provision of Panama canal act.

Thursday, May 1.

Senate—Passed DuPont resolution caling for report from secretary of war on retired officers and their civil employment. Passed Borah resolution calling upon secretary of war for report on charges of human slavery in the Philippines. Went into executive session to consider nominations. Senator Cummins introduced bill to merge bureau of corporations into a trade commission with power to investigate the observance of the anti-trust law. Senator O'Gorman introduced bill empowering secretary of war to give medals to each surviving union and confederate soldier of battle of Gettysburg. Adjourned until Monday.

House—Met at 11 a. m. and resumer reading of tariff bill for amendment under five-minute rule. Representative Hobson introduced bill for creation of "the parental court of the United States," to have jurisdiction over children under 16 years.

Friday, May 2.

House — Completed agricultural, wines and spirits, cotton and hemp, flax and jute schedules of tariff bill.

Senate—Not in session; meets Monday. Territories committee began hearing on Alaskan railway.

Saturday, May 3.

Senate—Not in session. Territories committee continued its hearing on Alaskan railroad problem.

House—Resumed reading of tariff bill for amendment under five-minute rule. Representative Henry introduced a resolution for a good roads committee.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

Oil-Burning Liner

THE Hamburg-American liner Christian X. is literally as "clean as a whistle." The Christian X. put into Philadelphia recently after a successful trip across the Atlantic. She was driven by powerful motors. The fuel was crude oil. By utilizing space usually given to stokers' quarters, the ship presents high-ceilinged, roomy cabins and salons suggestive of a hotel rather than of a ship. The engines are of the compact internal-combustion model, occupying a comparatively small space, and furnish 25,000 horsepower. Their exhaust, says a writer in Technical World, is discharged through hollow steel masts 45 feet above the deck.

The Christian X. was built in Denmark. Her length is 384 feet, beam 58 feet, molded depth, 30 feet and displacement 10,550 tons. The average speed is 14 miles an hour. This speed can be maintained for 24 hours by the use of 12 tons of crude oil fuel. The Christian X. can carry 1,000 tons of the oil fuel in her double bottom, or enough to keep her on a trip around the world. Her combustion engines can be reversed in 8 seconds from full speed ahead to full speed astern. The engines are controlled by compressed air levers. A small donkey boiler, also using oil fuel, furnishes the vessel with steam heat, but the pumping plant, the steering apparatus and the cargo winches are operated by electricity. The boat is electrically lighted throughout.

The significance of the Christian X. to shipping men is, that she represents a determined effort of builders to depose steam from the position which it has held for a century as a means of propelling ships. In Germany the propelling of barges and river craft by electricity has been in vogue for many years. British engineers incline toward the oil engine, a wonderful record having just been made by the Goldmouth, which with fuel oil, made the trip from Singapore to Rotterdam, a distance of 11,791 miles, in 52 days. The engines were not stopped once on the journey, which ranks as one of the longest "nonstop" runs ever made by marine machinery.

CURED TERRIBLE HUMOR ON FACE

Could Not Go On Street Without Veil, Tells What Resinol Did For Her.

Philadelphia, Dec. 6, 1912. — "In December, 1908, my face became sore. I tried everything that was recommended, and my face got worse instead of better. I spent over $100 and got no benefit. The face and nose were very red and the eruption had the appearance of small boils, which itched me terribly. I cannot tell you how terribly my face looked—all I can say is, it was dreadful, and I suffered beyond description.

"I have not gone on the street any time since 1908 without a veil, until now. Just four months ago a friend persuaded me to give Resinol a trial. I have used three cakes of Resinol Soap and less than a jar of Resinol Ointment, and my face is perfectly free from any eruption, and my skin is as clear and clean as any child's. It is about four weeks since the last pimple disappeared." (Signed) Mrs. M. J. Bateman, 4256 Viola St.

Practically every druggist sells Resinol Ointment (50c and $1.00) and Resinol Soap (25c) but if you are suffering from itching, burning skin troubles, pimples, blackheads, dandruff, ulcers, boils, stubborn sores, or piles, it will cost you nothing to try these soothing, healing preparations. Just send to Dept. 39-L, Resinol, Baltimore, Md., for a free sample of each.

Roumania's Future

WHAT will happen to Roumania after the Balkan war is a question that may prove to be of grave importance among the nations of Europe. Roumania is not a Balkan state. A Bulgarian victory was, from the first, to be dreaded by her. Her very existence will be threatened by Bulgarian success. London Everyman notes that the resurrection of Roumania in the nineteenth century was one of the most remarkable and unexpected occurrences in modern history. One invader after another had trampled the plains of Wallachia and Moldavia until the very name of the people had disappeared. Even the language seemed to have vanished. No written document before the sixteenth century has survived to tell in the native speech the tragic tale of the Roumanian race. Yet this was one of the most ancient nations of civilization. These socalled Slavs were discovered to be in reality a Latin race. These descendants of the Roman legionaries whom the Emperor Trajan settled in the Balkan peninsula. The country is watered by the Danube, which for 300 miles forms the southern boundary, separating her from Bulgaria. Unlike Bulgaria, which is a country of peasant proprietors, Roumania is cursed with a powerful and demoralizing aristocracy. Many of the Roumanian princes are absentees and spend their rents in the pleasure resorts and in the gambling houses of Germany and France. The Roumanian educated classes all speak the French language. Some of the chief papers are French. Bucharest, the capital, prides herself on being an eastern Paris.

"With the land in the possession of absentee magnates, with the peasantry in the grip of the money-lender," says Everyman, "with 8,000,000 of the race under the tyranny of Austria and Russia, the Roumanian people will need all their energies to emerge successfully from the dangers, both internal and external, which threaten them."

Smiles for Sale—
less than a cent each
if you buy
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
by the box

For the smallest coins you carry, please and benefit your children, your wife and yourself.

Isn't it worth a few cents to give this delicious mint leaf enjoyment to the family—to give continuous benefit as well? Teeth, appetites and digestions improve steadily with it.

Almost any shop sells it—any purse affords it. Get it—enjoy it—tonight!

Look for the spear

Avoid imitations

B. D'Emo, Adv., Chicago

26

POWERS PLEASED AT KING'S ACTION

Ambassadors Issue Statement Following Surrender of Montenegro.

London, May 5.—At the close of the ambassadors' conference in London today an official communication was issued, reading as follows:

"The fact that the King of Montenegro has placed the fate of Scutari in the hands of the powers is a matter of great satisfaction. The governments of the powers will now consider what arrangements shall be made in the immediate future in regard to the town.

"The ambassadors will meet again on Thursday."

King Nicholas of Montenegro in his telegram to Sir Edward Grey, announcing his decision says of Austria's threats of coercion:

"My dignity and that of my people do not permit me to submit to isolated imposition. For this reason the fate of Scutari is left in the hands of the Great Powers."

King to Evacuate City.

Cettinje, Montenegro, May 5.—King Nicholas of Montenegro decided today to evacuate the foreress of Scutari in response to the demand of the European powers.

When he took possession of Scutari, April 23, after a six months' siege, which cost the lives of thousands of Montenegrins and Turks, King Nicholas declared that he would hold the city until the last drop of Montenegrin blood had been spilt. As the European powers had decided previously that Scutari was to form part of the future autonomous state of Albania, a crisis was brought about and the powers immediately brought strong pressure to bear to force him and his troops to evacuate the place.

Austria Enforces Decision.

In the meanwhile Austria took energetic steps to enforce the powers' decision and concentrated large bodies of troops in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia.

The powers in the interim instituted a blockade of the Montenegrin coast. All these demonstrations, however, seemed not to affect the determination of the king.

Word came that Austria and Italy had entered into an agreement to solve the Albanian problem by a military expedition, and it was known that the Austrian army was preparing to march forward.

Russia Helps With Pressure.

The attitude of Russia under these circumstances was a matter of great concern to Europe and when she joined in the pressure being exercised on Montenegro great relief was felt, as it had been thought she would resist any attempt by Austria to order her army southward.

It was suggested during the negotiations that King Nicholas give up Scutari and that his majesty was to receive territorial compensation in some other direction if he would give up Scutari and that his majasty was preparing to accept this offer.

STARVING IMPROVES MIND

So Holds Scientist Who Conducts Thirty-Day Experiment.

Boston, May 5.—Herbert Sydney Langfeldt, of Harvard, made his report today on the 30-day hunger test to which Agostine Levasin, an Italian scholar, submitted at the Carnegie nutrition laboratory here a year ago.

Prof. Langfeld now reports that, as the result of the experiment, the man's memory and sight were improved by starvation and that as the body gets weaker from exhaustion due to going without food, the mind increases in strength and activity.

PETITION UNCLE SAM

Tens of Thousands Are Asking for Sunday Mail Delivery.

Washington, April 30.—The most voluminous petition ever received by the postoffice department was submitted today protesting against Sunday closing of postoffices to "the transient population of the United States."

The petition was so bulky that it could not be forwarded through the mails and was sent by express. It was neatly bound and weighed 21¼ pounds. Signatures of tens of thousands of people in all walks of life, including those of the governors of Michigan, Wyoming, Colorado, Minnesota, Maine, Iowa, Delaware and New Hampshire were affixed.

It was urged by the petitioners "in behalf of the transient population of the United States, commercial travellers, those engaged in theatrical pursuits and others whose business interests make it compulsory for them to travel, that special provisions be made by the postoffice department for the delivery of mail on Sunday," and that an order be issued "to all postmasters to continue the delivery of all mail on Sunday both to hotels and theatres and that all employes of the postoffice department be granted compensatory time off for any duty performed on Sunday."

It will require a change in the law to do what the petitioners ask.

Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium located at 652 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

Jingo Talk Has Made Wilson Angry

Representative THOMAS U. SISSON
PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Washington, May 2.—The redhot jingo speech delivered by Representative Thomas Upton Sisson of Mississippi in the house on the California-Japanese situation raised a temporary flurry and incidentally displeased President Wilson. Sisson declared that no alien should be allowed to hold land in this country. "Before we allow any foreign nation to dictate our land holding laws we should fight," said he. "What would Washington say were he confronted with this same proposition?" he asked, referring to the Japanese demand that California hold up its anti-alien land bills.

HE REDUCED 57 POUNDS

New Method of Flesh Reduction Proves Astonishingly Successful.

Johnstown, Pa., May 7.—Investigation has fully established that Hon. H. T. Stetler, of this city, has reduced his weight 57 pounds in an incredibly short time by wearing a simple, invisible device, weighing less than an ounce. This, when worn as directed, acts as an infallible flesh reducer, dispensing entirely with dieting, medicines and exercises. Many prominent men and women have adopted this easy means of reducing superfluous flesh, and it is stated the inventor, Prof. D. Q. Burns, of No. 17, West Thirty-eighth street, New York, is sending these outfits on free trial to all who write him.—Advertisement.

EVELYN CLAIMS SON IS THAW'S

Sailing for Europe She Makes First Announcement of Parentage.

New York, May 5.—Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, wife of Harry K. Thaw, sailing for Europe on the Olympic, made public acknowledgment of her two-and-one-half-year old son Russell, who left with his mother for an indefinite stay abroad. Others in the party were Mrs. Thaw's maid and a Miss Spencer.

Though the fact of Mrs. Thaw's motherhood had been known for more than a year to her intimate friends today was the first time that she acknowledged it in a public manner. Within the year Mrs. Thaw, testifying in an action brought against her for debt, was asked:

"Have you any family, Mrs. Thaw?"

"No," was the reply.

Mrs. Thaw, still strikingly beautiful, though in a more mature and matronly style, was apparently perfectly happy in her son's company today. He is a lusty little fellow with black curly hair and large black eyes. His mother's pet name for him is "Pom Pom."

Mrs. Thaw could not be induced to discuss the boy's resemblance to her husband.

Thaw Denies It.

Thaw denies it today, however. Harry Thaw, at Matteawan, over his own signature, made emphatic denial that by any possibility he could be the father.

A picture of Mrs. Thaw and her son, published in a newspaper, interested him greatly. He read the account of the sailing of his former wife, and scanned the reproduction of the photograph of the child. He says he likes the looks of the child.

Fight for Estate Planned.

It can be state positively, however, that should Harry Thaw die, proceedings would be begun in court at once to establish Russel Thaw's right to succeed to Thaw's estate as his.

A month ago Mrs. Thaw, discussing the ins and outs of the Thaw case, while she fondled her boy in her apartments in East Forty-seventh street, touched delicately upon a question which she forsees is bound to arise sooner or later.

"I can prove the boy's parentage," she said, with an angry snap of her eyes. "But I absolutely will not go into any discussion of that.

NO VOTE WITHOUT POCKETS

Upton Sinclair Gives His Reason for Opposing Suffrage.

New York, May 2.—Upton Sinclair, who attended tea at the Woman's Political Union recently, declined an invitation to address the suffragists, saying he knew of only one argument against a woman possessing the ballot.

"A woman," he said, "who has no pockets in her clothes is not a competent person to exercise the ballot. She has not learned to think for herself, as opposed to the man who makes her clothes without pockets. The pocketless woman cannot concentrate very long on a subject.

"Thought of fear that she will lose the numerous things she is compelled to carry in her hand constantly haunts and taunts her mind."

JAP BILL STILL ON JOHNSON DESK

Governor Won't Sign Until Bryan Has Conferred With President.

Sacramento, May 5.—The California anti-alien land holding act, which passed both houses of the legislature within 24 hours, after bringing about one of the most unusual situations in the history of the nation, will lie on Gov. Johnson's desk without his signature until Secretary of State Bryan can confer with President Wilson in Washington.

This will mean a delay of nearly a week, as Secretary Bryan left here Saturday evening and will not reach the capital until Wednesday night or Thursday morning. Governor Johnson will wait, he says, "a reasonable time" for whatever protests the government may make after which he will sign the bill. He is required by law to sign or veto all acts passed up to him by the legislature within ten days of final passage, provided the enacting body remains in session for that length of time. Otherwise he has 30 days.

It appeared that the legislature will not adjourn until May 15 or later, which will require the governor to act on or before Tuesday, May 13.

There is much speculation here as to the next probable step to be taken by the government against the measure. It is generally thought, however, that President Wilson will state his objections once more to Gov. Johnson and then seek through diplomacy to answer the possible protests from Tokio.

ANTI-JAP BILL OBSERVES TREATY

But Beyond That Formality California Carries Out Own Will.

Sacramento, Cal., May 3—Governor Johnson is expected to have in his hands tonight an alien land law barring Japanese and other aliens, ineligible to citizenship, from the soil of California. He has agreed to delay signing the bill until opportunity shall be given for hearing whatever protests President Wilson may desire to make. In the governor's own words this delay will cover a "reasonable time," probably not more than ten days.

Although the act is designed to exclude all aliens ineligible to citizenship, it is drawn in conformity with treaty obligations and guarantees to every alien his full treaty rights, omitting the phrase "ineligible to citizenship" objected to by Japan.

With this program on the cards the assembly picked up today the work of the senate and began final consideration of the Bloodgood bill, which is identical with the Webb redraft of the anti-alien bills passed early this morning by the senate.

It was planned by the administration floor leaders in the lower house to adopt the same procedure followed yesterday by the senate and to begin at once the long debate that must necessarily precede conclusive action. The effect of the senate's almost unanimous decision was expected to hasten the vote.

Since the Bloodgood bill is identical with the senate bill already passed, it will be sent on passage at once to the committee on enrollment there to be compared with its companion measure. When the identity of the two acts has been verified the committee will report back to the house and the bill will be sent to the governor for his signature.

The principal provisions of the bill are as follows:

1—Aliens eligible to citizenship may acquire and hold land to same extent as citizens.

2—All other aliens are limited to the specific rights conferred upon them by the existing treaties between the United States and the nations which such aliens are citizens or subjects.

In the case of the Japanese, the bill prohibits ownership of farming or agricultural lands, while permitting them to own residences and factories, manufacturies and shops.

3—Leases of agricultural lands by such aliens are permitted for a period of not exceeding three years. There is a question as to whether renewals would be lawful.

4—Aliens ineligble to citizenship cannot inherit land. Upon the death of an alien land holder, his property shall be sold by the probate court and the proceeds distributed to his heirs.

5—The state specifically reserves its sovereign right to enact any and all laws in future with respect to the acquisition of real property by aliens.

6—Present holdings of ineligible aliens are not affected except that they cannot be bequeathed or sold to other aliens classified among those not eligible to citizenship.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

TARIFF FIGHT ENDING

House About Ready to Pass Bill.

Washington, May 5.—The end of the tariff debate was in sight today so far as the house was concerned. With a few odds and ends of the sundries schedule left over, the house stood ready to dispose of the free list, the complex administrative features and the income tax, all that remained of the new tariff law.

"All the fights are about over now," said Mr. Underwood, the Democratic leader as he surveyed the situation.

The debate has been the most good-natured in the recollection of the Democratic leaders. The Republicans have avoided filibustering or demand for record votes. The caucus rule of solid Democratic vote has been rigidly carried out.

Only a few minor changes are now to be expected and they will be to clarify language. Democratic leaders expected that today would clear the path for consideration of the income tax alone tomorrow, to be followed by the reading of the bill for the formal passage of the whole measure, a formality counted upon to take less than an hour.

END OLD ASTOR HOUSE

Owners Will Close Prominent New York Hostelry.

New York, May 5.—The Astor House, for years the most famous hotel in the United States and whose guests included the fashionables, diplomats and statesmen of two continents, is to close its doors May 29 and probably will be razed to make way for the Broadway subway.

The hotel and property which it occupies is owned jointly by Vincent Astor and William Waldorf Astor. Vincent Astor has asked $1,000,000 for his half of the property. It has been suggested that the city buy the entire property, using as much as is needed for the subway and the remainder for the new postoffice.

History and tradition have been associated with the Astor House for more than three-quarters of a century. The site was occupied by the Bull's Head tavern in the early days of Manhattan. The first John Jacob Astor acquired the property in 1830.

In antebellum days the Astor House was the scene of many famous meetings. Three rooms, the choicest in the house, were reserved for Daniel Webster, and if another guest happened to be occupying them when Webster arrived the guest had to move.

Abraham Lincoln, Franklin Pierce, Martin Van Buren, James Buchanan, William H. Seward, Rufus Choate, Gen. Winfield Scott, Jefferson Davis, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Stephen A. Douglas, Charles Dickens and Edgar Allan Poe were some of those whose names appeared on its register.

BANKER'S SON IS BELLHOP

Guides His Father to Room When He Stops at Hotel.

New York, May 2.—Leigh W. Harrington, 23 years old, son of a Philadelphia banker, is a bellboy at one of the large Broadway hotels learning the hotel business from bottom up.

"Front," shouted the room clerk yesterday while Harrington was sitting at the head of the boy's bench.

"Take care of Mr. Harrington," ordered the clerk, indicating a guest in whom the bellboy recognized his father. Mr. Harrington, however, paid no particular attention to the boy who was carrying his bag and did not recognize his son until they were in the elevator. Harrington received a 60-cent tip and a dinner at the Engineers' Club with his father, where the latter learned for the first time his son's ambition. He advised him to stick to the job.

PENSIONS FOR POOR WIDOWS

Washington Women, Including Mrs. Wilson, Discuss Subject.

Washington, May 2.—Pensions for indigent widows is the question being taken up today by the local Associated Charities as he result of the interest taken by Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President, i nthe subject. Mrs. Wilson appeared unexpectedly yesterday at the conference of the association in which the question was discussed.

While no definite plans were made looking toward the pension system, it was determined that gratuiies would be granted only after the exhausting of possibilities of aid for the unfortunates from relatives, former employers, churches or other organizations. It was also held that a thorough investigation into the income and expenditures of each case should be made.

Wooden Leg Wins Man a Throne

New York, May 1.—Away down on the banks of the Rio Madero river in Brazil, Caripuna Pete, a native aborigine is the proud possessor of the only wooden leg in that part of the world. William Culkin, engineer of the Madero-Momare railroad, is the maker of the novelty and he arrived here Tuesday after an absence of 14 years.

"Caripuna Pete," the engineer said, "lost one of his legs while hanging around our railroad construction. One day Pete came into camp, his leg swollen where a snake had bitten him.

"After the leg was amputated I was called upon to make a wooden leg. I made it of two blocks of cedar with a rawhide knee cap and ferule of iron at the bottom.

"We put it on Pete and the aborigine was so happy that he wanted to stay with us all the time. But we sent him back to his tribe. To receive him his people had to make him chief. He considered he was the most noble in the country.

"Then to show more superiority he donned a pair of pink pajamas—all the natives wear nothing—and became the pampered pet of the tribe.

"Just before I left I heard that he had lost another leg and was wearing two artificial limbs. I can hardly imagine the amount of arrogance Pete is displaying now."

INVESTIGATE PHTHISIS CURE

Government to Look Into Chicago Man's Serum.

Washington, April 30.—Investigation of the alleged tuberculosis "cure" of Dr. Peter Duket, of Chicago, is to be undertaken by the United States public health service. Surgeon General Rupert Blue today issued orders detailing Dr. Julius O. Cobb, director of the marine hospital of Chicago, to inquire into the treatment and report. The assignment was made at the urgent request of former Senator William Lorimer of Illinois. "I have asked the governors of every state in the Union," said Mr. Lorimer today, "to send a representative to Chicago to watch the work of Mr. Duket and now that the government has taken action I think they will all do the same."

22 SINK WITH BOAT

Drown When Mississippi Steamer Goes Down.

Natchez, Miss —A score of negro refugees were drowned today, it was reported, when the steamer Concordia, engaged in rescue work in the Upper Louisiana flood district, struck a railroad bridge at Clayton La., and sank.

Two white men also drowned.

SOCIALISTS IN RIOT IN LONDON

Police Have Hard Time as Disorder Flourishes in Street.

London, May 5.—Wild scenes of disorder occurred Sunday at the demonstration in Trafalgar square under the auspices of the free speech defense committee. The police tried to prevent speeches from the Whitehall side of the Nelson column, and only the intervention of James Kier Hardie, Socialist and Independent Labor member of the house of commons, who was chairman of the meeting, prevented a serious riot.

As it was, the disorders, many times culminating in fisticuffs between the crowd and the police, continued for almost two hours.

By the time the marching Socialists, labor and other organizations, with bands playing the "Marseillaise," reached Trafalgar square, 20,000 persons had gathered there, and as many more in the surrounding streets.

Flags of the Women's Social and Political union were hoisted on the plinth of the column, from which they waved continuously during the meeting.

Trouble began when a Socialist speaker started to address the crowd from the Whitehall side of the column. The promise had been given that no speaking should take place on that side because it would interfere with traffic. A husky police sergeant standing on the plinth hurled the speaker down on the heads of the crowd below.

The crowd then rushed the plinth and endeavored to replace the speaker. It looked for a time as if the effort would prove successful, but mounted police ruthlessly rode down the rioters. James Kier Hardie then intervened and the Socialist speaker was allowed to regain his place.

BURN DINNERS, NOT VILLAS, SHE SAYS

German Suffragette Advises English Militants to Adopt Household Boycott.

London, May 2.—"A burned dinner has far more value in convincing Englishmen that something is wrong than merely a burned villa," said a letter from Frau Duerrin, a suffragette of Nuremburg advising the British militants to adopt the "household boycott."

"The 'household boycott' means refusal by the women to perform household duties," Frau Duerrin explained. "You English women should drop militancy and adopt this plan. It would be far more effective. I would even neglect the children and make the men dress them.

"By a household boycott you would enforce on men that division of labor between the sexes which we care so much about. Men tell us that women should not meddle in politics because politics is men's affair, and women's affairs are at home. Yet every husband, while keeping his wife out of politics, meddles in home affairs and thereby rejects his own principle.

Would Come to Time Soon.

"Let the men get their own meals, look after the children, attend to their own clothes, and in a few days they would yearn after their old half-authority in the home and be more than willing to give the women half authority in politics."

The police believe that the suffragette bomb exploded in the Manchester Free Trade hall recently was intended for John Burns, president of the board of trade. Burns was to have spoken a few minutes after the bomb shattered a big window.

Plot to Steal Judge's Son.

Scotland Yard detectives believe they have discovered a plot on the part of the suffragettes to kidnap the son of Justice Sir Charles Lush, who sentenced Mrs. Pankhurst to three years in jail, and also to burn several buildings at Harrow.

3 BILLION FOR ROADS

Proposed in Plan Submitted by Senator Bourne.

Washington, April 30.—An expenditure of three billion dollars for good roads—one billion for construction and two billion for maintenance, the investment extending over a period of 50 years, was proposed today in a plan submitted to the joint congressional committee on federal aid in the construction of post roads by Senator Bourne of Oregon.

Senator Bourne's plan provides for federal and state co-operation. He also suggests the establishment of a national school of highway and bridge engineering, from which trained specialists in road building would be supplied to the various states. The billion dollars construction fund, according to Senator Bourne's plans, would be apportioned between the states upon the proportion of area, population, assessed valuation and road mileage. The states would be required to deposit in the United States treasury 50 year 4 per cent bonds for the amount due them. The government would then loan the states the par value thereof for road construction the government raising its fund by the sale of 50 year non-taxable 3 per cent bonds.

By crediting each state every year with the excess one per cent interest paid on the state bonds and allowing 3 per cent interest on the amount, compounded annually a sinking fund would be established it is estimated, from which the government would pay off the bonds at the end of 50 years and the state would be relieved of the payment of principal on its bonds.

CELEBRATE BATTLE OF MANILA

Surviving Officers Under Admiral Dewey Dine in Washington.

Washington, May 2.—Twenty-one of the surviving officers who fought under Admiral George Dewey in the battle of Manila bay celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the famous naval engagement here last night at the annual reunion and banquet of the society of Manila bay.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, O., May 5.—Wheat opened steady to fractionally lower on reports of beneficial rains in the winter wheat territory. Cables were unchanged to slightly higher. The general tone of the market in the early trading was bearish. Trading was only fair.

TOLEDO.

				—Close—	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	May 5.	May 3.
Cash	1.06¼	1.06½	1.06¼	1.06½	1.06
May	1.06¼	1.06¼	1.06¼	1.06½	1.06
July	92⅝	92⅝	92¼	92½	92¾
Sept.	92¼	92¼	92	92	92⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	56½	56¾
May	56¼	....	....	56½	56⅛
July	57⅝	57⅝	....	57½	57¾
Sept.	58⅝	58⅝	....	58¼	58½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	37¾	38
May	37¾	....	....	37¾	37¾
July	36⅝	....	....	36¾	36¾
Sept.	46⅝	....	....	36¼	36⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	13.50	....	....	13.75	13.45
Oct.	7.47½	7.55	7.47½	7.55	7.47½
Dec.	7.45	7.52½	7.45	7.52½	7.45
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	63	63½
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	....	13.60
Timothy—					
Prime	1.80	....	....	1.80	1.80
May	1.80	....	....	1.80	1.80
Sept.	2.00	....	....	2.00	2.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	90¾	91	90⅝	90¼	90⅞
July	91	91	90½	90⅝	91
Sept.	90½	90½	90⅛	90¼	90⅜
Corn—					
May	54¾	54¾	54⅝	54⅝	54¾
July	55⅜	55⅜	55⅜	55⅝	55½
Sept.	56½	56⅝	56¼	56¼	56½
Oats—					
May	35¼	35½	35¼	35⅝	35¼
July	34⅝	34⅝	34¼	34⅝	34⅝
Sept.	34½	34½	34⅝	34½	34⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	99⅝	1.00⅝
July	99¼	....	....	98½	99⅛

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	91	....	....	90¼	91¼
July	88⅝	....	....	88⅛	88¾

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	87¾
July	....	....	....	....	90

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	91⅝	89¼
July	91½	....	....	91½	91⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	19.32	19.42	19.32	19.42	19.30
July	19.42	19.55	19.42	19.55	19.42
Sept.	19.20	19.32	19.15	19.30	10.72
Lard—					
May	10.87	10.92	10.87	10.92	10.85
July	10.77	10.85	10.77	10.85	10.70
Sept.	10.77	10.85	10.77	10.85	10.75
Ribs—					
May	11.35	11.45	11.42	11.42	11.37
July	10.97	11.05	10.97	10.65	10.95
Sept.	10.77	10.87	10.77	10.87	10.77

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, May 5.—Butter steady; creameries, 24½@28c. Eggs easier for firsts; others unchanged; receipts, 30,539 cases; fresh, 18c; at mark, cases included, 17@18c; firsts, 17¾@18c. Potatoes steady; receipts 98 cars; Michigan, 43@45c; Minnesota, 38@43c; Wisconsin, 40@47c. Poultry alive unchanged. Chickens and springers 18½c.

New York Produce.

New York, May 5.—Flour quiet and without quotable change; spring patents, $4.60@4.85; winter straights, $4.50@4.60; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.90@4.10; extra No. 2 winter, $3.70@3.80; Kansas straights, $4.15@4.25. Wheat—Good rains southwest served to offset bullish foreign cables and statistics, and wheat in consequence declined half a cent this morning; July, 98⅝@98⅞c. Beef quiet; mess, $19.00@20.00; family, $23.00@24.00. Pork steady; mess, $21.75@22.25; family, $23.50@25.00; short clears, $21.00@22.50. Lard easier. Raw sugar firm; Muscovado, 2.86@2.89c; centrifugal, 3.36@3.39c; molasses, 2.61@2.64c; refined quiet; fine granulated, 4.35c; powdered, 4.45c. Petroleum steady; refined New York, bulk, $4.80; barrels, $8.50; cases, $10.80. Molasses steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Hay quiet; No. 1, $1.05@1.07½; No. 2, 95c@$1.00; No. 3, 70@80c. Hides steady; Bogota, 28¼@29¼c; Central America, 28¾c. Leather firm; hemlock firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c.

Butter, unsettled; receipts, 3,042 tubs; creamery, extras, 28½@29c; firsts, 27½@28c; seconds, 26½@27c; state dairy, finest, 28@28½c; good to prime, 26½@27½c; common to fair, 25@26c; process, extras, 28c; firsts, 27@27½c; imitation creamery, firsts, 27@27½c; factory, current make, firsts, 27@27½c; seconds, 25@25½c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 24c; No. 3, 22@23c. Cheese, easier; receipts, 1,144 boxes; state whole milk, colored, fresh, specials, 13¾c; do. white, 13½c; do. colored average fancy, 13c; do. white, average fancy, 13¼c; do. fresh, undergrades, 12½@12¾c; state, whole milk, daisies, fresh, 13½@14c; state, whole milk, held, as to style or quality, 13@17½c; Wisconsin, whole milk twins, held, 16c; skims, 2½@13c.

Eggs firm; receipts, 25,970 cases; fresh gathered extras, 21@21½c; fresh gathered, storage packed, firsts, 20@21c; regular, packed, firsts, 19@20c; fresh gathered, seconds, 18@18½c; thirds, 16½@17½c; fresh gathered dirties, No. 1, 16@16½c; No. 2, 14½@15½c; fresh gathered, checks, prime dry, 14@15c; fresh gathered, checks, undergrades, per cases, $1.00@4.00; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites, good to large size, new laid, 22@23c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby whites, defective in size or color, 21½c; western gathered, whites, 19@21½c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 21@21½c; do. gathered browns and mixed, 19@20½c. Dressed poultry steady; fresh killed western fowls, 16½@19c; frozen turkeys, 15@25c.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, May 5.—Catle—Receipts, 1,800; strong; choice heavy steers, $8.30@8.60; handy fat steers, $7.80@8.25; fair steers, $5.65@6.90; choice heifers, $8.25@8.50; choice fat cows, $7.50@7.75; fair cows, $4.65@4.90; butcher bulls, $6.50@6.90; milch cows, $50@80. Hogs—Receipts, 7,500; slow; prime heavies, $8.45@8.55; heavy mixed, $8.45@8.55; mediums and heavy Yorkers, $8.65@8.70; light Yorkers and pigs, $8.70@8.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,000; slow; prime wethers, $6.00; choice lambs, $8.20. Calves—Receipts, 1,000; steady; good to choice veals, $9.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, May 5.—Cattle—Receipts, 600; market 15@25c lower. Veal calves—Receipts, 400; market slow; good to choice, $9.00@9.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,000; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 3,000; market steady; heavies, $8.25; mediums and Yorkers, $8.45; light Yorkers and pigs, $8.50; roughs, $7.50; stags, $6.75.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, May 5.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,700; prime steers, $8.50@8.95; shipping, $7.75@8.50; butchers, $6.25@8.40; cows, $3.75@7.50; bulls, $5.75@7.50; heifers, $6.00@8.00; stock heifers, $5.50@6.00; steers and feeders, $6.00@7.60; fresh cows and springers, $35.00@85.00. Veals—Receipts, 2,200; $6.00@9.25. Hogs—Receipts, 20,000; heavy and mixed, $8.50@8.60; Yorkers, $8.60@8.65; pigs, $8.65@7.75; roughs, $7.50@7.65; stags, $6.75@7.25; dairies, $8.40@8.65. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 17,000; lambs, $5.00@8.50; yearlings, $7.00@7.50; wethers, $6.00@6.35; ewes, $3.75@5.00; sheep, mixed, $5.75@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 5.—Hogs—Receipts, 40,000; steady; bulk of sales, $8.35@8.50; light, $8.30@8.60; mixed, $8.15@8.55; heavy, $7.90@8.45; rough, $7.90@8.10; pigs, $6.60@8.60. Cattle—Receipts, 18,000; strong; beeves, $7.30@9.00; Texas steers, $6.80@7.85; stockers and feeders, $6.10@8.10; cows and heifers, $4.00@8.25; calves, $6.50@9.50. Sheep—Receipts, 25,000; steady; native, $6.00@7.15; yearlings, $6.50@8.00; lambs, native, $6.60@8.75.

TO TEACH ALFALFA GROWING

Experts to Travel on Special Agriculture Train.

To stimulate interest in alfalfa cultivation through Northwestern Ohio expert advice on the subject will be carried to the doors of the farmers of Williams and Fulton county this week by means of an automobile train bearing lecturers who will give practical talks direct to the farmers.

The tour is given under the auspices of the Northwestern Ohio Crop Improvement Association. The party will include A. P. Sandles, secretary of the Ohio agricultural board, Professor A. B. Graham, superintendent of agricultural extension of the Ohio College of Agriculture and a representative of the state experiment station at Wooster, and Professor P. G. Holden, of the agricultural extension department of the International Harvester Company.

FOREST FIRE IN GERMANY

Celle, Germany, May 1.—A great forest fire has been raging in this district since Wednesday evening. It has devastated 10,000 acres and now menaces the village of Rebberlah and the royal forest.

The flames today crossed the railroad running from Hanover to Hamburg holding up the trains for several hours.

RECORD HIGH PRICES

In 1896 Cost of Living Began to Leap Upward.

Washington, April 30.—During the latter part of 1912 the cost of living in the United States was higher than at any time during he past 23 years. The bureau of labor statistics has just issued a report on retail prices from 1890 to 1913. The lowest cost was reached in 1896. From that date to 1912 the total increase in the cost of living per year for a workingman's family, by geographical divisions, was:

North Atlantic, $166; South Atlantic, $152; North Central, $187; South Central, $186; and Western, $152.

The approximate cost of a year's supply for an average workingman's family, at average prices of each year, by geographical divisions for 1890, 1896 (the low year), and 1912, was:

Divisions—	1900.	1896.	1912.
North Atlantic	$319	$300	$466
South Atlantic	274	265	417
North Central	299	276	463
South Central	269	255	441
Western	309	277	429

ZOO KEEPERS FREE MAN FROM BIG PYTHON'S GRIP

New York, May 2.—Here's a snake you ought to be glad you didn't see.

No dream in this after a night with John Barleycorn, Esq. Bill Snyder, head keeper of the menagerie at Central Park, had this snake, and Bill is a man for whom even 1 o'clock cabarets are too late.

A python was brought from India for the park zoo a few days ago and was this morning landed at the menagerie. It was sent out in a wicker basket, reinforced in wire netting. The snake was taken to the monkey house.

Gathered around the reptile were Snyder, Bod Hunter, his assistant, Tod Keenan, keeper of the monkey house; George Sichert, keeper of the lions, and Louis La Roche, of Park Commissioner Stover's staff, who was responsible for the coming of the mammoth python, which is 16 feet long, 8 inches in diameter and weighs 150 pounds.

The basket was opened and the gate of the cage where eight or 10 more African pythons disport themselves was also opened. Snyder grabbed the eater of men, cows and other things, by the head and began to unwind him. Like a length of hose they reeled him off, Keenan and Sichert holding the big body as it emerged from the basket. Hunter and La Roche got the tail of the slimy monster.

The python was suposed to be still in his condition of coma, but he must have sensed the monkeys. This reminded him of his native jungle and must have awakened him to the fact that he was hungry. He began to wriggle.

Oo! Oo! Slivers and shivers and goose flesh! In their native lairs these gentle things get their tails around the trunk of a tree and then reach out and grab their victim and squeeze the life out of him or it.

The python wriggled his tail loose, knocking Hunter and La Roche galley-west. The snake's tail turkey-trotted some and then got a clinch on La Roche's leg. La Roche gave a yell, as well he might. The whole body of the python was in motion and he had a jiu jitsu on La Roche's leg.

Snyder put the big, ugly head under his arm and choked him with all his might. Keenan and Hunter wrestled with the tail and, finally, between choking and hauling, they got the tail away from its bearings. Then Snyder slammed the head into the python cage and they tumbled the rest of the snake after the head, landing the importation from India all in a heap in the bottom of the cage and banged the door.

"Whew!" grasped La Roche, white as a sheet and streaming with cold perspiration. "What's good for snake bites?"

ENDS THE MISERY OF WEARING WORTHLESS TRUSSES

How 60 Days Trial Is the Only Safe Way to Buy Anything for Rupture.

Here is something absolutely GUARANTEED to keep rupture from coming out—something that does away with the misery-causing leg-straps and body-springs.

Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write today—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 14—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

"THE OLD RELIABLE"
PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES
REMEDY FOR MEN

RIOT TACTICS IN U. S.

Mrs. Belmont Warns Country to Look Out.

London, April 30.—The antipathies of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt of New York in regard to the suffragette campaign have been evidently been overcome since their arrival here, for it is announced that the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough and the president of the International League of Woman Suffragists are to appear on the same platform tonight at a meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union, the militant suffrage organization. It is expected that the American women will express their views.

Mrs. Belmont, who is staying at a hotel in London, gave the following statement to the Associated Press today:

"I mean just what I say when I declare that if New York fails to awake, we shall introduce militant methods of the type used in England.

"I also meant what I said before leaving America about spending no money in England. But I was compelled to stay at this hotel because I found spring cleaning under way in my daughter's house."

Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Catt have reached such a complete agreement that they will travel together in the same carriage to tonight's meeting of protest against forcible feeding. They will be accompanied by the Duchess of Marlborough.

The release on license of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the suffragette leader, was today extended for a week, as the result of a visit to her by the governor of Holloway jail and an official doctor.

FIVE AEROPLANES ARE BURNED

Hempstead, Long Island, May 1.—Five of the big hangars on Hempstead plains aviation field, where some of America's foremost aviators learned to fly, were destroyed today by fire. Five aeroplanes were burned and several aviators and mechanicians had narrow escapes when the buildings collapsed. The loss is estimated at $25,000.

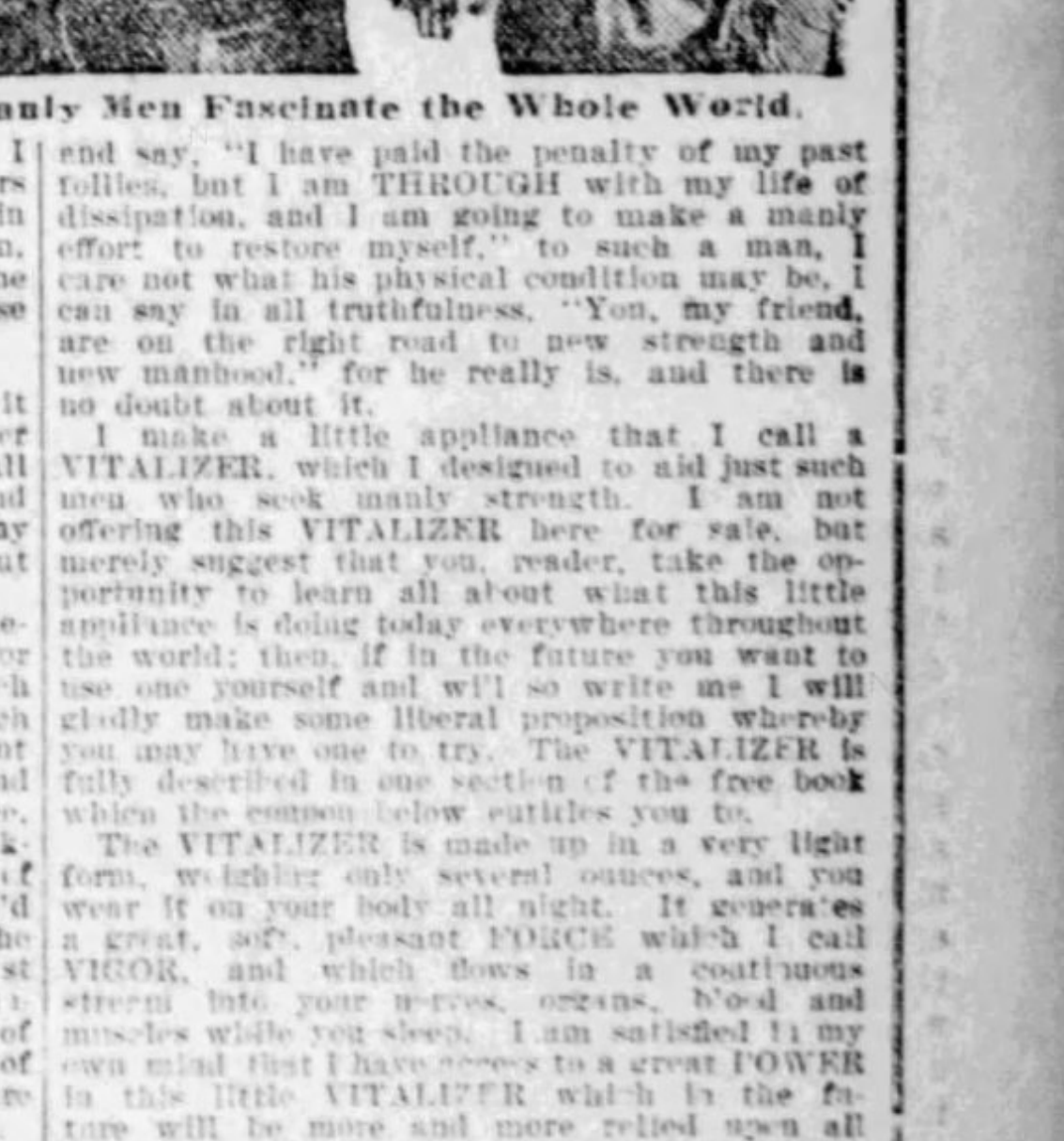
86 PAGES OF PERSONAL ADVICE

Free to Any Man

MY DEAR READER:

In the handsomely printed little book or private pocket compendium for men (containing 8,000 words and 40 half-tone photo-reproductions), which I published and gladly forward by mail, free, sealed to any man anywhere in the world who sends me the free coupon below, I have included certain parts that contain some very important advice or suggestions of a strictly personal nature which, I believe, cannot be found in any of the Private Hygiene books for men that are now sold at high prices all over the country. It will thus be seen I have endeavored, through the medium of my free book, to give my readers absolutely free of cost really MORE, in some respects, than others offer and make a large charge for. All you have to do to get this free book of mine is to use the coupon below, or if in my neighborhood, I extend an invitation to you to call at my office. Please remember that this free offer involves absolutely no obligation on your part, and there is nothing whatsoever for you to pay, and nothing whatsoever for you to buy in any way, unless you should decide at some time in the futures that you would like to try one of my mechanical VITALIZERS (described below), but that rests entirely with yourself. Over a million of these little free books have now been sent to men who wrote for them, as I want you to do, and who live in all quarters of the globe. I publish this free book in English, Swedish, Danish, Finnish, German, French and Polish, but I always send the English edition, of course, unless otherwise instructed. Kindly use the little coupon.

SANDEN, AUTHOR.



Manly Men Fascinate the Whole World.

In reference to manly strength, I believe it is now more generally acknowledged than ever before that the manly man stands back of all that makes for progress, development and achievement in the world, a truth which any of us can easily verify if we but look about us with impartial eyes.

As a matter of fact, the man who is debilitated, unstrung and enervated cannot, for perfectly obvious reasons, expect to approach those real and masterful attainments which seem but a natural and easy accomplishment for him whose nerve force, brain power and manly strength are perfectly normal. Hence, while we acknowledge the debilitated, weakened man to be handicapped in every walk of life where real manhood counts, yet it would indeed be cruel of me to here so state the fact in public print were I not of the honest opinion that there is every hope for the unmanly man to restore himself to a state of health and vigor, if he but clear his mind of abnormal fear, and then make a fair, square effort to redeem himself.

There are two specimens of humanity for which I have no earthly use. One is the man who, though now strong and vital, yet plunges into dissipation and excess with the certain knowledge of his unmanly fate. The other is the man who, though knowingly debilitated and enervated, makes no effort to get away from his life of dissipation and wrong practices. As a matter of fact there is no hope for either of these unfortunates. But for him who acknowledges his errors, who may come to me and say, "I have paid the penalty of my past follies, but I am THROUGH with my life of dissipation, and I am going to make a manly effort to restore myself," to such a man, I care not what his physical condition may be, I can say in all truthfulness, "You, my friend, are on the right road to new strength and new manhood," for he really is, and there is no doubt about it.

I make a little appliance that I call a VITALIZER, which I designed to aid just such men who seek manly strength. I am not offering this VITALIZER here for sale, but merely suggest that you, reader, take the opportunity to learn all about what this little appliance is doing today everywhere throughout the world; then, if in the future you want to use one yourself and will so write me I will gladly make some liberal proposition whereby you may have one to try. The VITALIZER is fully described in one section of the free book which the coupon below entitles you to.

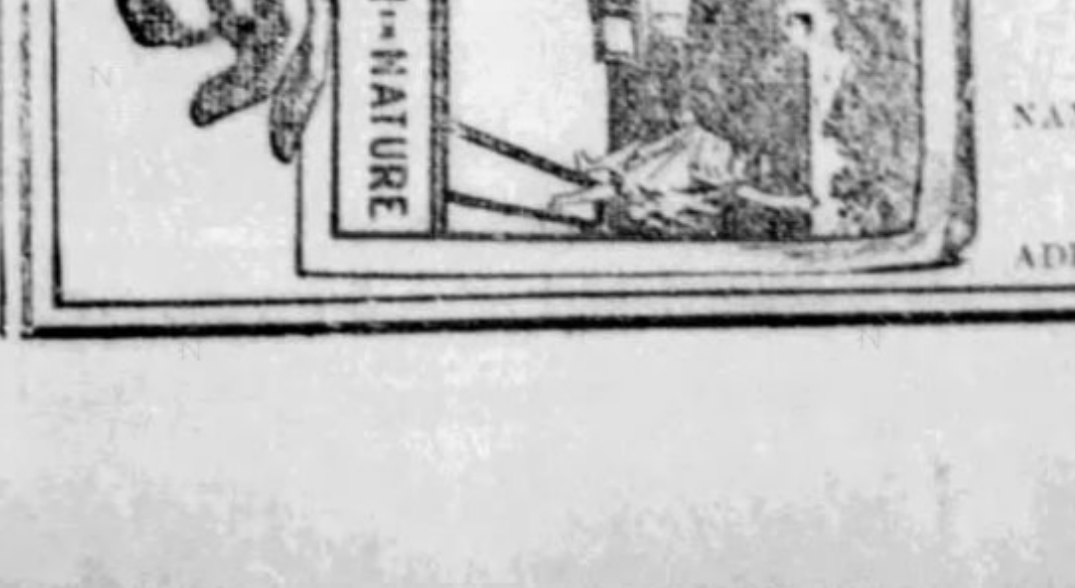
The VITALIZER is made up in a very light form, weighing only several ounces, and you wear it on your body all night. It generates a great, soft, pleasant FORCE which I call VIGOR, and which flows in a continuous stream into your nerves, organs, blood and muscles while you sleep. I am satisfied in my own mind that I have access to a great POWER in this little VITALIZER which in the future will be more and more relied upon all over the world in the treatment of debilities and nerve weaknesses.

With special attachments which carry the FORCE of the VITALIZER to any part of the body, it may be used by women as well as men for the treatment of rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, nervousness, lack of energy, etc. Therefore, please send for the book today, or, if you happen to live in or near this city, I should be very glad to see you in person. Office hours, 9 to 6; Sundays, 10 to 1.

WHAT THE FREE BOOK TEACHES YOU

The little free illustrated book of special private information, referred to above, is meant really to be a self guide for all men through the years before and after marriage and onward to a ripe old age. It is written in perfectly plain language, entirely free from technical terms, so that any one may easily grasp the full power of its good advice from two or three careful readings. It attempts to point out a safe road to new manhood or new manly strength, and as such is dedicated to mankind generally. One part of this book fully describes my little VITALIZER referred to above.

Remember, as soon as the coupon below is received I agree to forward to you one copy of this illustrated booklet, absolutely free of charge and in a plain, sealed envelope, so that it will come to you privately, just as you receive any sealed mail.



T. B. SANDEN CO., 1261 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your book, as advertised, free, sealed.

NAME..............................

ADDRESS..............................

DON'T APPROVE OF MERGER PLAN

Ohio Republicans in Congress Are Going Slowly in Matter.

Washington, D. C., May 3.—Plans announced by Republican members of the Ohio legislature for reorganizing their party by forcing the resignations of Daugherty, Parmenter and members of the state committee do not meet with prompt approval of the three Republican members of congress from Ohio, Switzer, Willis and Fess.

"So far as my own organization is concerned I will not abandon it," said Representative Switzer. "I look with some suspicion on the reorganization movement. I want to learn who is behind it or who originated it before I fall in behind the movement."

Representative Willis, of Ada, objects to forcing Harry Daugherty out. "If he wants to quit voluntarily, that is all right, but nothing is to be gained by forcing out members of the organization."

"Let the Democrats alone," says Prof. Fess. "They are doing more for us than any reorganization can. We are likely to do more harm than good by forcing out members of our party organization. We have enough party dissension. We should wait on Democratic action and then try honestly to harmonize differences without strife or requiring anybody to walk the plank. If Harry Daugherty desires to resign voluntarily in the interest of harmony that is a different matter."

J. J. HILL WOULD ADJOURN CONGRESS FOR TEN YEARS

St. Paul, Minn., May 2.—Congress should adjourn and stay adjourned for 10 years in order to better conditions in the United States, according to James J. Hill, who was the principal speaker at a meeting held for the purpose of "boosting" the northwest, last night.

Mr. Hill turned from the commercial progress of the northwest long enough to attack congressional legislation, which, he said, had prevented a more rapid influx of immigration. Laws that have been passed recently are responsible for the flood of immigration to the Argentine republic, he asserted.

"If we could just tie a bell on each one of our illustrious statesmen who is trying to keep workmen out of this country and adjourn congress for 10 years, I believe the country would see an unprecedented period of prosperity," Mr. Hill said. "Business men then would carry on big undertakings without fear of legislative interruption."

MORGAN'S ART IS INSURED

New York, May 2.—Contracts were drawn today insurin gthe art collection of the late J. P. Morgan for $23,000. The premium will be $102,800.

All the fire insurance companies, authorized to do business in this state, have taken their full quota of the insurance and about $4,000,000 has been placed abroad.

The portion of the collection in the Metropolitan museum carries $15,000,000 at a ratt of 60 cents per $100, and the books and art objects in the Morgan library are insured for $8,000,000, at a rate of 16 cents per $100.

WILSON SEEKS REFORM

President Goes to Jersey to Convince Legislators.

Jersey City, N. J., May 2.—Personal persuasion was President Wilson's instrument of action today as he conferred upon jury reform with Democratic members of the state legislature. It was alleged abandonment by some of the legislators of the party pledge as to this reform and a revision of the constitution which brough Mr. Wilson to his native state to appeal to the elecorate.

The President had invited the legislators to meet him here today to arrive if possible at a common agreement on the particular form of a measure which would take the power of drawing juries from the hands of sheriffs. While in his speeches at Elizabeth and Newark last night Mr. Wilson denounced some of the assemblymen who failed to support the party promises as affiliated with James Nugent, Jr., and his political organization, the President admitted that some of the membtrs of the legislature honestly opposed the jury reform bills in the last session of the legislature because of objections to the form of the proposals. It was these whom the President sought to convince.

NEGRO KILLS TWO MEN

Fights for Life When He Fears Lynching.

Hampton, S. C., May 1.—Two prominent Hampton county men were killed and several wounded in a pitched battle yesterday afternoon and last night with Richard H. Austin, a negro accused of attempting to criminally assault a white woman at Luray, S. C. The dead were J. Frank Bowers, planter; Magistrate F. H. Edenfield, of Allandale, S. C.

Dr. H. C. Moore was probably fatally wounded. The others wounded include George Hanna, McTeer Bowers and an unidentified white man. Hanna and the unknown man probably are fatally injured. The negro has not been caught.

Austin is alleged to have gone to the home of a well known citizen of Luray and attempted an assault upon a young woman at about 4 o'clock. The woman's cries attracted passersby but the negro escaped. Armed with a shotgun, a bag filled with shells, a large revolver and a belt filled with cartridges, he sought refuge in a thick woods.

When the pursuers approached the negro in the woods opened fire.

CLASPS HADNS AT GETTYSBURG

New York Man Plans to Restage the Famous Battle.

Middletown, N. ., May 2.—A plan to re-stage the battle of Gettysburg on its fiftieth anniversary in July—with handshaking taking the place of bullets—was announced last night by Henry M. Howell, who fought with the 124th New York regiment at Gettysburg. Mr. Howell is endeavoring to arrange a reunion of the survivors, arrange the contending "armies" as they were on the eve of battle and have them advance across the famous field and clasp hands.

TO INVESTIGATE USE OF SERUM

U. S. Health Department Hears Complaints From Ohio.

Washington, May 3.—The United States health department at Washington is taking a hand in the investigation started by the Ohio state medical board to prevent tubercular patients from paying large fees to physicians claiming to be in possession of the famous Friedmann serum.

Surgeon General Rupert Blue of the government health department has just turned over to the Ohio board for proper action complaints and evidence indicating that physicians in this state are making money hand over fist given them by patients for treatment with a serum purporting to be that produced by the celebrated German scientist.

Not long ago the Ohio board was advised authoritatively by Dr. Friedmann that no doctor in this country was in possession of his remedy, and that no one but himself had it to give.

Congressman I. R. Sherwood of Toledo has received complaints alleging that patients are being induced to pay out large fees for treatment which they believe is the same as that given by Friedmann himself, and he has taken up the matter with the government health officials, urging an investigation.

Evidence in the possession of the Ohio state medical board shows that one of the physicians charges patients $25 for each injection of the serum he gives.

"TOUCH WOOD" BOOSTERS

Phrase Relic of Days When Oak, Ash and Rowan Were Sacred.

London, May 2.—"I must touch wood," said Colonel Seely, in parliament in reference to the recent immunity of army airmen from accident.

To touch wood or iron as a safeguard from the consequences of boasting dates from the time when the oak, ash and rowan (mountain ash) were held sacred to the gods of the heathen. Swedes take rowan in their boats as a safeguard from demons.

Dead wood was originally supposed to bring death and living wood life, but the distinction seems now forgotten and one contents oneself with touching wood, dead or alive. The German, with or without touching wood, says, "unberufen."

The custom is also the basis of the children's game of "Ticky, ticky, touch wood." The players are chased by a "catcher" and escape only by touching wood.

AVIATOR DROPS TO HIS DEATH

Akron, May 5.—Charles Carlson, 24, aviator for the Silver Lake Aviation Co., was killed shortly after 10 o'clock when his machine droped 200 feet. He was crushed under the engine.

PRESIDENT OF HAITI DEAD

Port Au Prince, Hayti, May 3.—The president of the Republic of Hayti, General Tancrede Auguste, died at 9 o'clock last night, after a brief illness.

PRINCE WAS MURDERED

Polish Baron Is Held for Crime.

Warsaw, Russia Poland, April 30.—An extraordinary sensation was caused here today by the arrest of Baron John Bisping, one of the wealthiest landlords of Lithuania, on the charge of murdering Prince Ladislas Drucki Lubecki, a relative by marriage, whose body was found pierced with two bullet wounds on April 22, in the park adjoining his residence at Teresin near Warsaw.

Prince Ladislas was a well known Polish nobleman and president of the Automobile Club of Warsaw. He left his house on April 22 with Baron Bisping for the railway station. When the prince did not return a search was made and his body was found in the park with his carriage and horses standing nearby.

The arrest of Baron Bisping followed on his evidence at the inquest, which the police allege was contradictory in regard to the last moments the two men spent together.

Baron Bisping married Princess Radziwill, daughter of Count Andrew Zamcyski and Princess Caroline de Bourson.

Prince Ladislas was a grandson of the last Polish minister of finance.

Mrs. Wilson Pleads for Indigent Widows

Washington, May 3.—Pensions for indigent widows is the question being taken up today by the Associated Charities as the result of Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President, having appeared unexpectedly at the conference of the association in which the question was discussed. Two cases of destitution were under especial discussion.

While no difinite plans were made looking toward the pension system, it was determined that gratuities would be granted only after the exhausting of possibilities of aid for the unfortunates from relatives, former employers, churches or other organizations. It was also held that a thorough investigation into the income and expenditures in each case should be made.

Mrs. Wilson and her daughters have taken a personal interest in uplift work since they came to the White House.

PUBLICITY LESSENS EVIL

Washington Commission Opposes Newspaper Censorship Law.

Washington, May 1.—"The publicity given by the press generally tends to lessen evil conditions and thus renders a useful service to the public," say the commissioners of the District of Columbia in a report submitted to congress today on the Works bill to provide a censorship of the news.

"That dread of publicity has a deterrent influence upon those disposed or tempted to the committing of crime, may reasonably be inferred from the fact that most offenders against the law earnestly seek to avoid exposure of the circumstances of their misbehavior in newspaper reports of their trials."

For these reasons the commissioners believe the enactment of the proposed legislation is inadvisable.

CIVIC LESSONS FOR THE YOUTH

Honest Effort of Adults Affords the Solution for the Problem.

Christian Science Monitor.

Speaking before the Society for Political Study at the Hotel Astor, New York City, Frank Moss, assistant district attorney, brought home some unpleasant but important facts to his hearers. Such, for instance, as that growing up all around them are thousands of boys subject to conditions that make for the formation of an objectionable type of civic character.

"It would pay the city in every sense," he said, "to get hold of these boys and switch their energy to a better direction while it can be switched."

The only way to fight these conditions, as he put it, is to instill civic patriotism in the young, and then he, unconsciously perhaps, gave way to a prevalent pessimism, by saying, "but we can't instill it when we haven't much of it ourselves."

Mr. Moss did not leave the subject until he had made some recommendations. He thought, for instance, that much might be done toward changing present tendencies among the youth of the congested districts by having the mayor talk to them on their duty toward the city. The public schools, he thought also, should give more time to the work of showing the youth of the city how much the community is in need of them. But he had in reality touched the vital point of the whole matter when he raised a question as to the fitness of adults to perform the duty toward youth that is required of them.

Let the worst be taken for granted, and yet as an offset to it, and as a cheering assurance that things are not as bad as they seem, we have every evidence of the existence among the careless, negligent, unpatriotic adults of a keen consciousness of their sins against the community. Let us divest this consciousness completely of despair and fear, substituting for them courage and determination and right will soon cease to be timid, and wrong cease to be bold, in the big cities. Why should men who are normally moral, normally decent, normally patriotic, give way to the belief that civic evils have gained the upper hand and are able to maintain it? It is this confession of doubt, of weakness, of want of confidence, among the respectable people of the great cities that is licensing whatever is degrading and demoralizing to youth.

Mr. Moss hinted at the need of civic revivals, the need of civic evangelism. What is most needed is courageous individual good citizenship, the quality of good citizenship that will not waver in its duty, that will not yield an inch in the every day affairs of life to the forces of evil, but, on the contrary, will be constantly alert and ready to combat and correct what is wrong. Let every upright man do his honest best, and many civic problems, including the better upbringing of youth, will soon be solved.

Germany's exports in February this year totaled $211,945,000, against $178,330,000 in 1912.

On the Firing Line

in every walk of life you'll find good old honest "Bull" Durham Tobacco in the homely 5-cent muslin sack. Men of action, men with red blood in their veins, who do the world's work, and do it well, learn to appreciate things at their *real worth*. They are not fooled by frills—they demand *honest value*.

These are the millions of men all over the earth who smoke "Bull" Durham, because this *pure*, good, honest tobacco—rich, mellow and fragrant, as nature made it—unspoiled by "processes" and doctoring—affords them a *real* and *lifelong enjoyment*, a *complete* and *lasting satisfaction* that no other tobacco in the world *can* give!

GENUINE
"BULL" DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO
(Forty "rollings" in each 5-cent muslin sack)

The millions of "Bull" Durham smokers are *proud* of that homely muslin sack, because they know that the quality is *all in the tobacco*—where it belongs! They know that when tobacco is packed in costly, painted tins or sold with "premiums," the smoker has to *pay for them*—and he cannot *smoke* the tins or the "premiums."

A book of "papers" free with each 5-cent muslin sack.

"Bull" Durham has been the standard smoking tobacco of the world for *three generations!* Get a 5-cent muslin sack at the nearest dealer's today—load up your pipe or roll a cigarette—and you'll discover the reason that over 352,000,000 of these 5-cent muslin sacks were sold last year alone! Sold wherever good tobacco is sold—and you always get it fresh.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

Smoked by more millions of men than all other high-grade tobaccos combined!

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS

Clubroot on cabbage and cauliflower has been successfully treated with lime, the amount applied varying according to the acidity of the soil, but it is safe to put on a heavy coating of lime at the time of plowing and work it into the soil.

When timothy is used for horses it should be cut after the seeds are formed, but when the hay is to be fed to cattle it should be cut soon after the first blossoms appear. Horses demand a hay that contains a large amount of dry matter. The amount of dry matter is influenced by the time of harvesting.

An experienced orchardist says that when planting an orchard to make money 25 years from now, plant 35 to 40 feet apart; but to have money soon plant close. As soon as trees crowd one another they quit growing and get down to business. If trees are planted 35 feet apart they have nothing to do but grow, and will not bear fruit for 10 to 12 years.

When the horse comes in wet with rain, first scrape him, then blanket him and rub his head, neck and loins and legs. If the weather is cold, put on an extra blanket in 20 minutes. Change the wet blanket when the horse dries. Do not wash the legs. Rub them dry or bandage loosely with thick bandages. It is far more important to have the legs warm and dry than clean.

According to the Ohio Station, oats are an excellent feed for dairy cows and contain more protein than does corn. In fact, the grain, if fed alone, would make practically a balanced ration from the standpoint of protein and carbohydrates. The yield of nutrients per acre are so much less than in corn that it is usually rather an expensive feed. A bushel of corn contains more than twice as many pounds of digestible nutrients as a bushel of oats. Therefore the land which will produce 50 bushels of corn should produce over 100 bushels of oats, if the same amounts of digestible nutrients are obtained. When corn sells for 50 cents per bushel oats are worth 35 cents, and corn worth per ton about ¼ more than oats. Outside of this question of cost oats are an excellent feed for dairy cows and especially for growing calves.

Using the cottonseed meal to replace oats in the feeding of draft horses at the Pennsylvania station resulted in a cheaper ration, a larger gain, smaller cost of grain and a higher finish in fattening horses.

The value of American farm lands is now put at $41,000,000,000, which is an increase of $21,000,000,000 in the last 20 years. There are 6,000,000 farms in the country, with a total area of 900,000,000 acres. It is estimated that of the total amount of farms more than 5,000,000 are worked by the men who own them.

A wooden bucket is a handy thing to have about the dairy, especially when calves have to be fed milk that must be warmed and carried some distance. Milk once heated to the right temperature and carried out in a wooden bucket will remain warm for a much longer time than if a metal pail is used. Both should be kept clean, free from bacteria.

Green manuring is necessary of you build up your soil economically. Without sufficient quantity of vegetable matter in the soil it will not produce good crops, no matter how much commercial fertilizer you use.

The garden and the orchard are important, and it is not wise to neglect them for the field crops. The garden should not be considered a place to work when there is no other work needed, nor should the orchard work be deferred till the "ground in the field is too wet to plow." Make orcharding and gardening features of farm management.

The best way to make the farm more profitable is to get good live stock and produce feed to sustain the animals. Those who persist in selling their crops are facing poverty that sooner or later will be reached.

It is a well known fact that the cow that makes the largest profit is given the best care and most comfortable shelter.

The time will soon come when it will be a crime in law—as it is a crime in fact—to rob the soil, and each state will insist that every man shall restore whatever elements of fertility he removes from the soil and add a liberal percentage for posterity. There is no question but that a state has dominion over its acres, and conservation of soil is the most important of all.

THE CHICKEN IN HISTORY

All attempts beyond certain points to trace back and the history of our most common fowls have been unsatisfactory. But it is generally agreed—and according to the Darwinian theory proved—that the ancestors of our breeds of today were natives of the warm climates of Asia, and the observations of travelers would direct us to look to the jungles and forests of India for the aboriginals. There is some difference among writers who have delved into the history of our present day breeds, but they generally agree that they come from the Jungle Fowl, or "Gallus bankiva." This bird was found in great quantities in the woods of western Ghauts, where there were two very strongly marked varieties. The species was found, also in the valleys more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in the belts of the woods on the sides of the mountains at 4,000 feet elevation a shorter legged variety was found. The eggs of this species are exactly like those of our domestic fowl in form and color, but much smaller.

Other authorities claim that the old Indian breeds, such as Aseels, Malays, etc., came from the "Gallus giganteus," or large Kulm fowl, owing to its being much larger, and others say the history can be traced to the "capercailzie," or cock of the woods, now seen only in the northern parts of Europe. But the accepted theory is that the Jungle Fowl was the progenitor of our race of fowls of today, as the old prints, now more resemble the bird than any other.

That the fowl was domesticated and extensively bred at a very remote period is evident, for when the Romans first invaded the shores of Britain they found both the fowl and the goose in a state of domestication, and it is probable that some sort of poultry shows were held at that time, for Caesar says "they deem it not lawful to eat the fowl, the hare and the goose, nevertheless, they breed these animals for the sake of fancy and pleasure." This was under the old Druid law. Sacred history also in the enumeration of the provisions for the supply of Solomon's household mentions "fatted fowl." Again after the Babylonish captivity we cannot doubt that the fowl was among the domestic animals of Palestine, for Nehemiah B. C. 445 in his rebuke says: "Now there were at my table prepared for me daily one ox and six choice sheep, also fowls," and before this period the fowl was abundant in Persia, as not only do the classic poets and historians speak of the antiquity of them but medals and coins proclaim the same and bear its figure stamped upon them, and it is on other relics of remote periods.

Among the Greeks and the Romans the fowl figured in the public shows. The male was dedicated to Apollo, to Mercury, to Esculapius and to Mars, and its courage and watchfulness duly appreciated. The Rhodian fowls and those of Delos, Chalcis and Media were celebrated for their fighting propensities and for the delicacy and excellence of their flesh. At every Roman banquet this was a highly esteemed dish and then as now was fed and fatted in preparation for same. The fowl has been domesticated even by the most barbarous and ignorant people in all the isles of the South Seas for the purposes of food and sport.

So much for ancient history regarding the ancestry of the breeds of today. These really owe their origin to the Shanghai or Cochin. This bird was a native of part of the Chinese empire called Shanghai, but the first importation into England came from Cochin-China, and so they were called that, and in after years the China was dropped altogether and they are now known and have been for years as Cochins. The first specimens of the breed were nothing like those of today. They really had more the type of Rocks with very scant foot feathering when they made their appearance in England as presents to her Majesty Queen Victoria in 1845. There was quite some advertising given them at that time and some splendid specimens for that day were for the first time publicly exhibited at the Dublin cattle show in 1846, and they were presented at the close of the show to Lord Heytesbury, the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but it was not until 1850, when Cochins were exhibited at the Birmingham show, that they created the first "boom" in poultry.

Jap Peddlers Put Whites Out of Work

JAP STRAWBERRY PEDLER

San Francisco, May 6.—One reason why many people in California object to Japanese holding land is that they injured the business of the whites. This has been stated many times in the controversy over the anti-alien land bills. The Japanese are good strawberry raisers. The strawberry peddlers do a thriving trade in the country colonies, preparing the berries for market. It is claimed that many whites have been driven out of this work by the cheaper labor of the Japs.

GOMPERS' TERM IS UPHELD

Washington, May 5.—The contempt of court judgments upon Samuel Gompers, Frank Morrison and John Mitchell, officials of the American Federation of labor, were sustained today by the court of appeals of the District of Columbia, which, however, revised the sentences to give Gompers 30 days' imprisonment and fine Mitchell and Morrison $500 each with no jail term.

The chief justice of the court dissenting, held that the entire judgment should be reversed. The lower court gave Gompers one year, Mitchell nine months and Morrison six months without option of fine. All were convicted of violating a court injunction in the oted Bucks Stove ad Range case.

Girls Chased by Walrus.

Providence, R. I., Telegram to the New York Tribune.

Two young daughters of Martin Thompson, keeper of Sandy Point lighthouse, on an extremity of Providence Island, in lower Narragansett Bay, had a thrilling experience yesterday in escaping from an angry walrus, the first of its kind, so far as known, ever to be seen in these waters.

Thompson, from the lighthouse, spied what he thought to be a seal several hundred yards off shore. His daughters, Nellie and Bessie, set out in a rowboat to investigate.

On nearing the creature they found it to be much larger than a seal and to have tusks more than two feet long. Suddenly the animal started for them. The girls speedily made for shore, which was reached only a few yards ahead of the walrus, which, seeing that the race was lost, headed back for the open water.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

HELP WANTED.

Government positions open to men and women. $90.00 month. Annual vacations. Short hours. No "lay offs." Parcels post means thousands of postal appointments. "Pull" unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Write immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-31, Rochester, N. Y.

Song Poems wanted. I've paid thousands in royalties. Send your poems or melodies for acceptance. Will pay you 50 per cent royalty. Established 16 years. Free booklet. John T. Hall, 107 Columbus Circle, New York, N. Y.

AGENTS.

AGENTS sell rich looking 36 by 68 Imported Rugs, $1.00 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer, selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug prepaid by parcel post, 98c. O. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—Sell the great flood book of the National Calamity, 100% profit. Prompt delivery. Send 10 cents for Prospectus and Instructions. C. E. Comer, Mgr., Dayton, Ohio.

Wonderful, amazing invention, just out. Agents coining money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly. Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co., Lansing, Mich.

If you want to know how Farmer Smith advices people to be successful, write to The Farmer (Himself), 123 A Summit ave., Cedar Grove, N. J.

Agents—Here's an opportunity to earn $30 weekly and upward. A new line—exclusive territory. Send postal today for full particulars. A. S. Shub, Sales Mgr., 1960 Sycamore st., Cincinnati, O.

Hundreds make $50--$75 weekly selling guaranteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE—Investing For Profit Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely Free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere—get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000--how to judge different classes of investments, the Real Earning Power of your money. This magazine six months Free if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 407-28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

SPORTING GOODS, Cards, Dice, Books, etc. Catalog free. D. B. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

Tobacco Habit: Pay When Cured. Quick, harmless, pleasant. Send no money, but your name today. J. Edward Cook, Desk W, Wichita, Kansas

Elkorn Skin Bleach—Virgin Snow is not whiter than your complexion will be after you have used Elkorn skin bleach, the matchless bleach and skin food preparation. If your skin is discolored from sunburn, tan, blotches or other causes, write at once to ELKORN SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 115, Toledo, Ohio, for full free particulars and special offer now being made.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 10 Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Parti lars for stamped addressed envelope. Eur Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Rare Opportunity to make a comfortable liing at home, sewing plain seams, all ho work; no canvassing; state time can sew; triflers. Send ten cents for samples, postag etc., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewe Company, Jobbers, Sewing Dept. 42, Rehoboth Delaware.

Ladies make supporters, $12.00 per hundred no canvassing; material furnished; stamped en velope for particulars. Wisconsin Supply Co. Dept. B 102, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Earn $14 per 100 at home embroidering corne of imported handkerchiefs. Plain, easy han work. Trial lot stamped handkerchiefs and in structions 20c. Sent any distance prepaid. Arabi Supply Co., J-1426 E. 32d st., Cleveland, O.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

For Sale in the Corn, Wheat, Oats, Clover and timothy belt where prices will double in a sho time; improved lands, $75 to $125 per acre; eas terms. Newtson Bros., Knox, Indiana.

Sale. Bargains in Tennessee Farm and Tow property. Write wants to W. Marshall, Etowa Tenn.

360 acres Michigan fruit belt. 100 cleared $32.50 acre. W. E. Fulkerson, White Cloud, Mic

FARM LANDS.

Landology, a magazine giving the facts i regard to the land situation. Three months trial subscription, FREE. If for a home, as an investment you are thinking of buy ing good farm lands, simply write me a let ter making it personal and sav. "Mail m LANDOLOGY and all particulars FREE" Address Lloyd M. Skinner, Gen'l Mgr. Skidmore Land Co., Box 311, Marinette, Wi

FINANCIAL.

Wanted to borrow $10,000 on $50,000 6 pecent first mortgage gold bonds; will pay 8 per interest; no brokers. Answer, care P. O. B 256, Central Station, Toledo, Ohio.

POST CARDS.

12 Colored and Glazed Vicco Post Cards for in stamps. New Jersey Postcard Co., 6 Palisade ave., Jersey City, N. J.

POULTRY

$3.50 per 100 guaranteed fertile hatching eggs from 211 egg single comb Brown Leghorn hens world's leading layers. Price smasher catalo free, stock. K. K. Welday, Seville, Ohio.

BOOKS.

Song book for a 2c stamp. B. Antlers, 3 Royal St., New Orleans, La.

PIG RAISING FOR THE MARKET

Every Farmer Should Try to Produce High-Class Hog Meat.

The importance of the swine breeding industry is each year becoming more recognized. Its relative value in the list of meat productions is demonstrated. This leads to added responsibilities on the part of breeders who are in the business of supplying breeding animals to farmers.

There is always a wide range of merit and value between the hog that tops the market and the one which sells at the lowest price. It is a farmer's duty to himself to use every available means leading to the production of the market topping class. While many factors are involved in the making of the market topper, the real base upon which all other work must rest is the line of breeding of the herd boars. In that all advancement or deterioration begins.

Here comes the point at which the breeders who supply such boars assume responsibilities that call for a wider range of knowledge on their part than the average of them are inclined to concede. The production of high class animals possessing inherent qualities for the distribution of merit among their progeny is a scientific profession. It calls for wide knowledge of animal characteristics, as well as of methods of care and feeding. The majority of breeders have acquired their knowledge by practical experience. Necessarily, this is a limited means of education that calls for constant research and inquiry along a multitude of lines of thought and action.

The Pig in Babyhood.

The weaning period is an important time in a pig's life. A pig should be liberally fed from the time he is 2 months old until he is 4 months old, and after that a little grain in conjunction with plenty of pasture ought to take him through to a weight of 125 pounds at 6 months in good shape.

Just as the pigs are coming up to the weaning period, it ought to be taken for granted that they are more or less infested with internal parasites and handled accordingly. A few cents spent on a good worm remedy may easily save anywhere from $100 to $500 in the feed bill on a bunch of 100 pigs. There are a number of worm remedies, but santonin is considered the most effective, using it at the rate of practically one ounce to 100 growing pigs. A good way to feed it is to place the santonin and thoroughly dissolve it in the water which is to be used for making a given batch of slop. After it is thoroughly dissolved and mixed, add the mill feed or ground grain, and this will make a perfect distribution of the santonin. So much the better if the pigs can be made to miss a meal beforehand.

Have plenty of trough room and have the slop well distributed, and follow this up by letting all the pigs in at one time. It will not do to let them come through a hole one at a time, because those that arrive first will get more than their share. In a week or 10 days repeat the dose, and, of course, as the pigs get larger, if it seems necessary to use the same treatment, a rather larger proportion of santonin may be used. One hundred pigs weighing on an average of 125 pounds would easily stand two ounces of santonin at a feed. Three or four treatments at intervals of one week or 10 days ought to absolutely remove all parasites.

Take Care of the Skin.

Then the skin of a hog needs a little attention, and it is surprising how often dipping or spraying a bunch of pigs will contribute to their thrift. For this purpose the coal-tar productions ought to be used. Those who do not have a dipping tank will find it an exceedingly simple matter to round up their pigs into a shed and use a spray pump or sprinkling can. Keep the pigs in the same quarters where they are sprayed for an hour or two, so that they will lie down in the wet bedding and get thoroughly saturated with the disinfectant. Sometimes spraying or dipping alone will take the kinks out of an unthrifty bunch of pigs, because no animal can be healthy unless its skin is normal, and this is particularly true about the hog on account of the non-porous nature of the skin.

It is important to use a little mineral matter for growing pigs, in the form of charcoal, soft coal slack or ashes. These should be mixed with salt, and pigs should have access to them at all times. Some swine breeders regard this as old-fogyism, but when a bunch of 100 pigs will do away with two or three tons of soft coal slack and two or three barrels of salt during the season it is evident that this mineral matter answers an important function.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free report as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

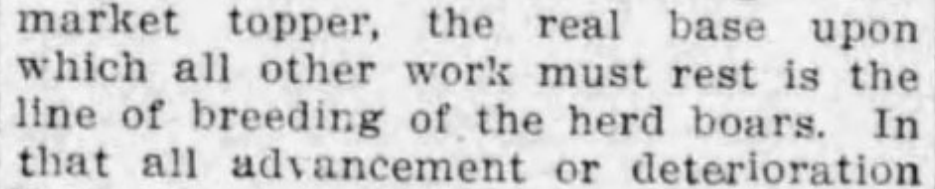
FOR SALE—FARMS.

MONEY-MAKING FARMS. 13 states; $10 to $50 an acre; live stock and tools often included to settle quickly. More productive land near good markets here than the same money will purchase elsewhere on earth. Get the facts. Big illustrated catalogue No. 36 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 105, Pittsburg, Penna.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 5096, 1627 W. Adams St., Chicago.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. My free booklet X-1032 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

ROD Receipts for locating gold and silver. Enclose stamp for reply. Add. Western Research Co., Dept. 27, Hillsboro, Texas.


Best Conditioner
Worm Expeller
Death to Heaves
"Guaranteed or Money Back."
Coughs, Distemper, Indigestion.
NEWTON'S 50c, $1.00 per can. Large for Heaves.
At druggists' or sent postpaid.
THE NEWTON REMEDY CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

CORN EXPERIMENTS

Minnesota College Shows Corn Crop Can Be Doubled.

An acre of corn planted in check rows, hills three feet and six inches apart, has 3,556 hills; and, with three stalks to the hill, contains 10,668 stalks. If one stalk in each hill produces a 10-ounce ear, the yield per acre will be 31.7 bushels. The average yield for 10 years in Minnesota has been but 29.4 bushels. The average yield of corn per acre in Minnesota for 1909 was 34.8 bushels. From this it is easily seen that on the average two stalks out of each hill do not produce ears at all or are missing. What is immensely more important than large ears is a field of corn in which every stalk produces a good eight or ten-ounce ear. Three eight-ounce ears per hill will practically triple the present average yield. If care is used in selecting only choice seed ears, lost strides will be made in increasing corn yields.

Boston business men are preparing to send a trade-boosting party to South American countries.

Kerosene is the universal illuminant around Aden, Arabia.

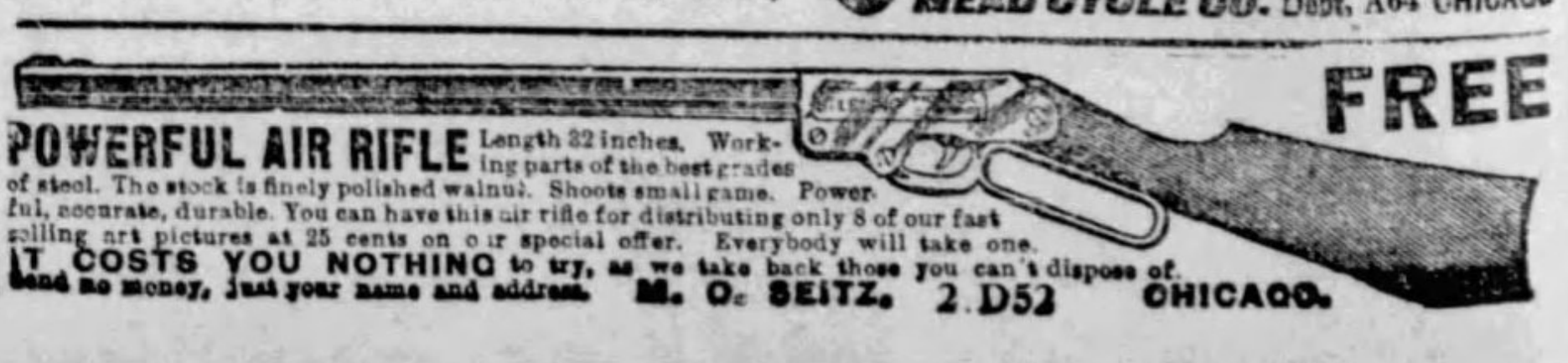
10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We ship on approval without a cent deposit freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price* until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous new offers*.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster - Brake rear wheels, lamps sundries at *half usual prices*.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A64 CHICAGO


FREE

POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Working parts of the best grades of steel. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name and address. M. O. SEITZ, 2 D52 CHICAGO.